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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

OUR latest issues of European newspapers discuss at some length the proposed extradition and trial of the former Kaiser. European neutrals have been drawn together by the war and its aftermath and endorse Holland's refusal to surrender its unwelcome guest. The *Journal de Genève*, which was perhaps the ablest neutral paper of outspoken pro-Ally sympathies during the war, says that the Kaiser is now 'nothing more than an odious and miserable puppet. All that is left him is his vanity, and the worst punishment that could be inflicted upon him would be to abandon him to the universal contempt which is already his lot. No physical punishment is adequate. To intern him would be to associate his name undeservedly with that of Napoleon — who remained to the last a great figure in history.'

Remarkably little appears in the Conservative German press upon this subject, except an occasional note of satisfaction over Holland's refusal to comply with the demand for the Kaiser's surrender.

CLEMENCEAU'S removal from public life is interpreted by Europe as a triumph of parliamentary over personal government in France; and, therefore it is welcomed by many democratic papers without regard to nationality. Even Germany exhibits less hostility to Clemenceau personally in his period of humiliation than might be expected — though the sketch of him which we republish from the *Frankfurter Zeitung* is the most liberal review of his career that we have found in the press of that country.

Naturally, the passing of their great war leader has given French journalists an occasion to review critically his administration. Only the Radical Socialist press is bitter in its comments upon the late Premier. His other opponents, even though they may witness his departure from public life with satisfaction, testify cordially to his pre-eminent services, and assign him a place in history secure from purely partisan attacks.

THE history of public opinion during any great event such as the recent war and the present epoch of revolution, is mainly a record of one punctured illusion after another. Among such illusions still cherished in America is that ratifying and signing treaties are the acts that restore peace — that is, peace in the larger sense, including those normal economic

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and political conditions which we uncritically associate with that word. The fact is, that purely diplomatic acts will probably have less to do with the recovery of stable conditions in Europe than processes which receive less attention — such, for instance, as good or bad crops the coming summer. Our first thoughts about peace were, naturally, political; but if politics is anything more than the stupid and irrational play of human passion — whether in diplomats or nations — it is something so nearly approaching economics that the two are hard to distinguish from each other. Europe is awakening to this truth rather tardily, but with a sudden arousing of attention that promises to change radically its attitude toward peace problems. Such articles as the one we republish from the British *Review of Reviews* assist this popular awakening at the same time that they are its symbols.

Sisley Huddleston was called by Arnold Bennett, who was himself second in rank at the British Intelligence Office during the war, 'easily the best' newspaper critic present at the peace negotiations. His recent book, *Peace Making at Paris*, promises to hold a high and permanent place among contemporary accounts of the Conference.

ACCORDING to the London *Daily Telegraph*, the crop situation in Roumania is very bad. Only 53,000 hectares, instead of the usual 1,250,000 hectares, have been sown with wheat. The corn harvest will amount to one tenth of the normal on account of poor sowing and cultivation. As soon as the peasants acquired title to the land they ceased to plant more than they needed for their own use, asserting that they did not care to labor for other classes of society.

A recent law in Roumania limits the amount of agricultural land a single proprietor may own to about twelve hundred acres, and prescribes that the surplus of the large estates shall be sold in small tracts of about twelve acres to peasant cultivators. This law has failed to satisfy the peasants, and is said to be responsible for the decline of crop production just mentioned. The great estates were concentrated in certain parts of the country, and the peasants of other districts were forced to remove for considerable distances in order to procure allotments. But the latter are averse to leaving their native villages. When they did procure allotments, they settled down to the easiest kind of life they knew. Their wants are very simple. They have little ambition. They know nothing of modern methods of cultivation. Except under constant direction, they let weeds overrun their fields. To be sure, the law provides that the government may withdraw the allotments from holders who fail to cultivate them properly, but such laws are seldom well enforced, especially since the peasants have acquired the right to vote.

The new law requires the peasants to pay for the land they purchase in forty years, and many of the new proprietors are said to hold their titles very lightly for this reason. Their ignorance and suspicion make them reluctant to put in crops which they fancy they may not be allowed to enjoy when harvested. They had considerable experience with crop confiscation while the Germans and Austrians occupied their country. In a word, Roumania is finding the transition from the old system of agriculture, where labor was employed under more or less duress, to a system where production is stimulated solely by the enlightened self-interest of the cultivator, very difficult; because the men

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with the hoe in that country have never had a chance to acquire enlightenment or to respond to intelligent self-interest.

A curious side light upon the distrust with which Americans are regarded in certain parts of Europe, is furnished by a report in *Le Correspondant*, that our agents at Bucharest last summer sent the following telegram to Washington: '*Unfortunately*, the harvest in Roumania this year is excellent.' This regret is ascribed to our desire to get high prices for our farm products in Europe, and to acquire economic control of Roumania and Hungary — two objects which might be rendered difficult of attainment if those countries speedily recover their prosperity.

THE *Kölnische Zeitung* publishes a Petrograd dispatch, dated January 22, upon the decision of the Supreme Council to lift the blockade against Russia so as to permit the Coöperative Societies to import goods from abroad. This dispatch says that about 1000 societies had been organized up to 1900. The number had increased to 10,000 at the outbreak of the war, and to 20,000 by the time the Bolsheviki gained control of the country. Since the latter date they have continued to multiply, since they encounter no opposition from private business, which has been destroyed, and they are more effective industrial and distributing agencies than the Bolshevist government can create. According to reports of the Soviet officials, 74 per cent of the inhabitants of the 30 departments under their sovereignty a year ago belonged to these associations. And yet, the most vigorous of these societies have always been in Southern Russia and Eastern Siberia, then outside the Bolshevist area, where the most progressive and enterprising peasants are found. The Siberian Coöperative Creameries sold 15,000,000 kilogrammes of butter in 1917. The Flax Raisers' Society produced 20,000 tons of dressed flax the same year; the following year it controlled 75 per cent of all the flax raised in Russia. All these societies have a central financial institution, the People's Bank, with its headquarters at Moscow. Its capital was 170,000,000 rubles in 1917, but has increased rapidly since. This institution has a London branch and also a representative in Stockholm.

These societies present a marked contrast with the industries directly conducted by the Soviet Government, if we are to judge by the latter's official organ, *Ekonomitcheskaya Zhizn*. This paper states that the number of tram cars in condition to use in Moscow declined from about 1000 in August, 1917, to 150 in October, 1919; during the same period the number of horses in that city declined from 120,000 to about 8000. Salt was so scarce that people chopped up old herring kegs and boiled the wood with their food. In order to obtain fuel, whole streets of houses were condemned and several scows were broken up. In 1915 the cotton mills of Russia contained 10,300,000 spindles and 249,920 looms. On September 1, 1919, only 300,000 spindles and 18,188 looms were still in operation.

During the first eight months of 1919 the output of textile fabrics declined 85 per cent as compared with a similar period the year before; and paper output declined 60 per cent. While 192 locomotives had been completed in the first eight months of 1918 — contrasted with about 500 before the war — only 32 were completed during the same period of 1919.

A MONARCHIST movement appears to be developing in Bavaria,

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supported by Clerical reaction against the Socialist government at Berlin, and by dissatisfaction with the centralizing policy of the new National ministry. When Count Arco, the assassin of the Socialist Premier of Bavaria, Kurt Eisner, was brought into court recently, he received an ovation from Royalist and Conservative sympathizers. A mass meeting of students, held about the same time, ejected one of their members who attempted to speak in favor of the Socialists, and refused to permit Professor Weber, who had condemned Count Arco's crime, to continue his lecture. A somewhat similar incident occurred at Berlin, where the students have demonstrated against Professor Nicolai who, although at one time a court physician, attained great prominence during the war by his anti-war writings.

The Munich correspondent of the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* says in a recent letter, that the disposition to consider the revolution as responsible for military defeat, instead of military defeat responsible for the revolution, is growing. At the same time, a strong anti-Semite movement is manifesting itself. One hears everywhere on the streets: 'The Jews made the war in order to make money. Afterwards they brought about the revolution to keep Germany from winning.' By this and similar appeals to popular prejudice, the monarchists are slowly winning back the popularity they lost. Hand in hand with this sentiment is the revival of a desire for revenge on Germany's conquerors. The great Industrialists are charged with having resumed their old policy of influencing the press by indirect financial favors, especially by the distribution of profitable advertising.

This correspondent mentions another line of political speculation that has suddenly become popular in Southern Germany. This is a plan for a regrouping of the European Powers according to religious confessions. There is much talk of a new combination of the Protestant governments — North Germany, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway — under England's leadership, and of the Catholic governments, including Southern Germany and former Austria, Italy, and Belgium, under the leadership of France. This writer does not suggest that the propaganda for this new balance of power comes from across the Rhine.

IT might startle a person unfamiliar with the paradoxes now common in Europe, to see the following headline on the front page of *Vorwärts*, the orthodox organ of German labor: *Six-Hour Shifts Spell Universal Misery*. This refers to the decline of coal production during September, October, and November, 1919, in the three principal colliery districts of Germany, after shortening the shifts one hour — though this did not reduce the working day in any of these districts to the six hours demanded. Production immediately fell from ten and a half million tons a month to a little over nine million tons. The result is that many factories have had to shut down for lack of coal — only about one fourth their former supply being available — and that thousands of workingmen in other industries have been thrown out of employment in order that the working hours of their brothers in the coal field might be shortened.

ALL is not smooth sailing in Belgian politics, in spite of the recent vote of confidence in Premier Delacroix, elicited by recognition of his eminent financial services. The Coalition Cabinet is very loosely held together. Socialist members of the government insist upon important modifications in the penal code, and the Flemish group

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in Parliament insists that the courses at Ghent University be given in the Flemish language. Germany sedulously fostered during its occupation the Flemish movement and the ancient discord between the Flemish-speaking and the French-speaking people of Belgium. It is argued by the French party that to enforce a wholesale and artificial change of language in the courses of the University would limit its educational influence to a much smaller clientele than at present, and would impair its position as a research institution for a half century to come.

DURING December, the Austro-Hungarian bank, which still functions as a bank of issue for the territories of the former monarchy, increased its circulation by 1,370,000,000 crowns. At the end of the year, 54,481,000,000 crowns of its notes were in circulation. Were exchange normal, this would be equivalent to more than $10,000,000,000, but it now represents little more than $100,000,000 in American currency. This bank still has some $57,000,000 in gold and silver in its vaults.

RECENTLY the Bavarian Peoples Party, which is a Clerical organization with a strong following among the peasantry, withdrew from its alliance with the national Centre party. Local autonomy versus centralized government is the dividing issue. However, the Peoples party itself contains groups that dissent from this action. The Christian Trade Unions, which are an important element in the party, are reported to oppose leaving the Centre, and support its leader, Erzberger — himself a South German — in his national policy.

AMONG the recent financial changes in Europe resulting from the outcome of the war, is the transfer of the headquarters of the old Austrian Agricultural Bank from Vienna to Paris. This institution takes the new name of *Banque des pays de L'Europe Centrale*, and will have branches at Vienna, Prague, and other cities of the former Austro-Hungarian Empire, as well as at London. Austrians and Czecho-Slovaks will be represented on the Board of Directors. The accounts will be kept in francs. This bank was organized in 1880 with a capital equivalent to about one hundred million francs.

ACCORDING to an article signed, 'A Ship Owner and Importer,' in *La Revue Hebdomadaire*, the fuel famine in France is caused by transportation delays rather than by an actual scarcity of coal. France is receiving the latter from Great Britain, Belgium, and Germany, as well as from its own mines. Seven hundred thousand tons have accumulated at Rouen awaiting shipment. According to this writer, the transportation difficulties are due to the introduction of the eight-hour day for maritime and dock laborers. So great is the congestion of traffic at the principal French ports, on account of slow unloading and towage delays, that steamers frequently have an unnecessary demurrage of from fifteen to twenty days. Indeed, the situation at these ports is so bad that boats engaged in coastal and river traffic avoid them wherever possible, even though they may be forced to content themselves with less remunerative local freights that contribute nothing toward the relief of the fuel famine.

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GERMANY DEBATES TRYING THE KAISER

[*Neue Zürcher Zeitung* (Liberal Democratic Daily), *January 23*]

I. *A Public Forum in Berlin*

A DENSE throng stands gaping at the principal entrance of the former Imperial Diet Building. The 'New Fatherland Union' has summoned a public meeting where Hellmut von Gerlach and Eduard Bernstein are to discuss the surrender of the former Kaiser. Every seat has been taken for two days ahead. The hall is packed and people are standing in the galleries. It is a mixed audience, including Conservatives and Radicals, supporters of the monarchy and advocates of a dictatorship of the proletariat, and democrats of every shade. Beautifully clad ladies and gentlemen, humble citizens of the middle class, and workingmen fresh from their labor, sit side by side. There are thousands. Everyone takes part in applauding and interrupting. The only man who remains silent is the old janitor who stands on the left beyond the President's chair, immovable, as he formerly was when speeches in honor of the King and Fatherland were delivered in the same hall.

Hellmut von Gerlach opens the debate. He is a little man, with a white forehead and a sharp, pointed beard which gives him just a suggestion of Mephistopheles. He speaks clearly and vivaciously — a born debater.

The Peace Treaty contains several articles, including financial provisions, which it is von Gerlach's firm conviction can never be carried out. But Article 227, which requires the surrender of the former Kaiser, can be complied with if the government so desires. 'The Emperor has voluntarily expatriated himself and separated himself from the nation, by which he believed he was so devotedly loved' (laughter), 'and it is quite within the bounds of probability that the Entente will demand that Germany request Holland to surrender the Kaiser.' In that case, the government should comply with the demand, so that foreign nations might recover their confidence in Germany's loyalty to its engagements. *Pacta sunt servanda.* Treaties must be fulfilled, not only when they are to our advantage, but equally when they are to our disadvantage. That is the situation under the law.

Politically, to surrender the Kaiser is to incur the danger of reaction.

'Millions, including many highly educated and thoughtful men, would like to see Wilhelm back on the throne. The country press is having a bad influence in that direction. Under such circumstances, to bring him to the bar of an Entente court would constitute the greatest possible campaign asset for the German Nationalists.' The speaker had discussed this question with representatives of the Entente. He had called their attention to the fact that by strengthening the Nationalist movement in Germany, they were strengthening militarism the world over. A Conservative French Diplomat replied to this that the Entente was only doing what the German Republic had neglected. Von Gerlach thought the domestic danger of surrendering the Kaiser might be avoided if the Entente, after organizing the League of Nations, modified its claim and turned Wilhelm over for

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sentence to a court composed of neutral experts in international law.

'What punishment should be inflicted upon Wilhelm?' ('Send him to North France.') 'No, my gentlemen, that would be too near the German borders.' (Laughter — 'Put him to chopping wood.') 'That is, to be sure, his favorite occupation, and besides, it is the occupation where he has done the least damage.' The audience laughs. Von Gerlach seriously thinks that the Kaiser should be put permanently where he can do no harm. 'For what he has already done he can hardly be held responsible' (Ho! Ho!) — 'in a strictly legal sense. Wilhelm II was always in a state of mental auto-intoxication' (great laughter), 'where he did things the consequences of which he could not measure. He does not, indeed, deserve mercy — a man who expected his recruits to fire upon their own fathers and mothers at his command; a man who declared that Socialists and Catholics were worthy of the gallows; a man who commanded his troops when they departed to China to take no prisoners but to massacre every Chinaman they met.'

Here a significant interruption occurred. When the speaker said, 'fire upon their own fathers and mothers,' a Communist shouted, 'like Noske.' Von Gerlach has long been an enemy of Noske. He replied: 'You know that I am no friend of Noske, but he never went so far as to say that.' 'But he did it just the same,' insisted the interrupter.

'A White (Conservative) court,' continued the speaker, 'would probably sentence Wilhelm to life internment on some small and distant island, strictly censoring his correspondence and his association with other people. There he could chop wood. If I were a cruel man, which, being a pacifist, I am not, I would propose that he should share his internment with his eldest son.' (Loud and prolonged laughter.) The speaker thereupon quoted from the memoirs of Freiherr von Eckardstein, former Councilor of the German Embassy at London, instances of the personal interference of Wilhelm in foreign policies, showing among other things, that he had lost Germany a colony. The Kaiser in negotiating with England for Heligoland sacrificed a section of East Africa merely to facilitate a personal journey. He wanted to visit Heligoland on a particular day, and sent positive instructions to the Embassy in London, worded as follows: 'The Kaiser is interested only in Heligoland. Conclude the treaty at once.' In his letters to 'Niki,' we perceive a growing disposition toward dynastic self-worship, religious mysticism, and pathological hatred of democracy. Wilhelm's blank check to Austria-Hungary, to do whatever it wished to Serbia, was the original cause of the war which has cost the world ten million lives. 'His policy was a mad one, not only from the pacifist point of view, but from the point of view of any rational statesman. In the opinion of his military advisers the war would probably be successful if Roumania, Bulgaria, Turkey, and Italy made common cause with Germany, and if England remained neutral. But the Kaiser makes a marginal memorandum in July, "The Triple Alliance is falling apart like rotten apples, before the war actually starts." He knew this fact, and it was his duty to draw back. But he failed to do so. The question is not, Did Germany want war? but, Was Germany determined not to have war, and did it do everything in its power to avoid one? To that question we are bound to answer, No.'

The great meeting followed the speaker's words intently, as with

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increasing emotion and eloquence he reached his concluding sentences: '*Give the Kaiser up.* The German people must draw a sharp distinction between themselves and those who are guilty of the war.' (Great applause.) 'It should not raise a finger to prevent the surrender of those gentlemen.'

Von Gerlach had spoken hardly an hour. At the end, he proposed the following resolution:

'By signing the Peace Treaty, the German Government has approved the trial of Wilhelm II. It is the duty of the German people to carry out the Peace Treaty. Therefore, any effort to prevent the trial of the former Kaiser should be regarded as a political crime. In the interest of securing universal recognition of the trial as unpartisan, the court that passes judgment upon Wilhelm II should be composed of neutral judges.'

Eduard Bernstein, who was just celebrating his seventieth birthday, was greeted with applause as he ascended the speaker's platform. He opened his remarks with a quotation from an indictment which a German-American jurist, James Beck, drew up against Germany early in the war, supported by the documents published up to that time — an indictment addressed to the High Court of Civilization. This learned jurist, even at that early day, came to the conclusion that Germany and Austria were responsible for the war. His conclusions were amply confirmed by subsequent revelations. One need only read Karl Kautsky's book, a book which the speaker recommended, which he said should be read in every school in order that we might at last be done with 'an education of lies.' (Stormy applause.) He also referred to the fact that many people in Germany, especially among the educated classes, would like to see the monarch restored. Kautsky's book proved that Austria was really most directly responsible for the war, and that Emperor Franz Josef was by no means the harmless old man that so many picture him to be. 'In spite of all the fine talk about it, the decision was to partition Serbia. To attain this object, various subterfuges were employed.' A German Nationalist shouted from one of the galleries, 'Just like England.' There was great disorder and some men shouted, 'Kick him out.' But Bernstein interposed. 'Listen to me a moment,' he begged. 'Even assuming that England has done the same sort of thing, does that excuse Germany? We are here to discuss what Germany did.' (Applause.)

The diplomats have come in recently for much abuse. But it has been shown that Prince Lichnovsky gave us fair warning, that he showed extraordinary foresight, and appreciated the peril. 'That is why he fell into disgrace with His Majesty. There was no reason why Germany should make war. Our trade and our commerce were prosperous.' A German Nationalist interrupted, 'Whom have we to thank for that?' (Great disorder.) 'Yes, indeed, what sane person imagines for a moment that the intellectual and material accomplishments of a nation are the work of a single man? If there is such a person, let him attribute Germany's greatness to Wilhelm II.' Bernstein did not deny that the Emperor had shown interest in many matters affecting the welfare of the German people. 'But that was his duty and responsibility.' A workingman interrupted, 'And he was damned well paid for it.' (Great laughter.) James Beck, who recognizes the heroic qualities of the German people, asserts that not only was a crime committed against civilization,

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but against the German nation; and that the day will come when that nation will recognize this and call the offenders to stern judgment. Then Bernstein commented, 'unhappily that has not been done.' Again somebody shouted 'Noske,' and there was great disorder. From all parts of the hall shouts of 'Noske, Noske' arose. The speaker thereupon undertook to defend his party associates, Ebert, Scheidemann, and Noske. On the right of the speakers' platform a Communist stood, his face distorted with anger. When Bernstein said: 'Don't forget that the revolution is still in progress,' this man interrupted, 'A second one is coming.' Whereupon Bernstein vehemently replied: 'No, let us hope not.' He was greatly excited. Several people began to speak all at once. One man shouted loudly with fiery determination, 'Then we will all fight everyone else.' Bernstein: 'In every revolution the party in power must be firm. Forget your personal hatreds, otherwise, Germany will be ruined by your mutual strife. We must now' (interruption — 'Starve') 'stand together, shoulder to shoulder with everyone who really supports the republic.'

Hereupon the interruptions of the Radicals were drowned by tumultuous applause. The amiable old man continued to fight his battle for reconciliation, and permitted himself to be distracted from his theme by the interruptions of the riotous Independents and Communists. Someone thereupon shouted, 'Question — to the question.'

Bernstein feared that the masses of the German people would not have confidence in a sentence imposed upon the Kaiser by a court formed of Entente judges. 'And the principal thing is to convince our own people. The way our people are being misled today' (here a workman with a thin, pale face and blond hair shouted, 'By *Vorwärts*'), 'will produce a pernicious sentiment of revenge in the nation.' Another member of the audience with blazing eyes interrupted with a new charge against the Majority Socialists, and the tumult began anew. Finally, one humorous chap in the audience made himself heard above the rest with the question, 'Really now, would you surrender the Kaiser or not?' Thereupon everybody laughed. Bernstein believed in giving him up. He joined von Gerlach in the opinion that a sharp distinction should be drawn between the nation as a whole and guilty individuals.

Thereupon, the open debate began. The first man to reach the speaker's stand was an old engineer with a waving white beard and bushy white hair combed back from his forehead. He started out with great vehemence: 'Honored contemporaries,' and was greeted with riotous laughter. He was a religious enthusiast. After him came a radical band leader, who was greatly pleased with himself, and, therefore, impatiently listened to by the audience until he began to contrast the famished condition of the Germans at home with the abundance on the former Kaiser's table in Holland. That evoked stormy applause. He shouted at the close, 'Now let every newspaper take up the question of what to do with these Princes, these Princes including, of course, Wilhelm II — these common criminals.' Then came a gentleman who would like to discuss the question of surrendering the Kaiser with the help of some war memoirs, which throw 'another light' upon the subject. The fourth speaker was the famous Dr. Breithscheid, a man hardly thirty years old, with a thin, red countenance, and his hair brushed back from his forehead in a style so common among workingmen. He sketched briefly

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German foreign policy since 1871, disputed some statements of the preceding speaker, referred to secret meetings of officers to discuss whether they would permit the Kaiser's surrender or not, and quoted the speech of a captain, who looks for a war of revenge, to the effect that 'The German people should form a living wall to defend the accused officers.' These words inflamed the passion of the meeting. Whereupon he left the platform to be followed by a fifth speaker, who hated all the responsible parties, whether Germans, or others, and in particular Wilhelm II, 'as much as any other man in the meeting,' but did not think they should be surrendered. Last of all, a finely clad young man in the twenties, with a smooth shaven countenance and his hair parted in the middle, took the platform. His whole bearing betrayed the Prussian officer. He was a Senior Lieutenant who had been in active service throughout the five years of the war. He said he was a member of the German People's Party. He, too, was in favor of punishing the guilty, but he would not surrender them to our enemies. He asserted: 'There is no negro tribe barbarous enough to deliver its own people to its enemies.'

Von Gerlach then closed the debate, remarking that the Senior Lieutenant who had just spoken appeared to be misinformed upon negro customs. 'The Kaiser should be surrendered. He should be interned on some distant island. He ought not to be left so near Germany, where he might return any day in an automobile to start a war of revenge.' Someone in the audience asked: 'Do you really believe that Wilhelm II could start anything here?' 'I consider that man capable of any criminal folly,' replied von Gerlach, in the midst of applause. The Senior Lieutenant had claimed that the German nation had passed through the cruelest experience recorded in history. Von Gerlach said: 'How can you say that? Did not the Belgian people suffer far more than we have — a people who were the victims of the most brutal crime in the history of the world?' Tumultuous applause followed this remark. Thereupon the meeting voted by a vast majority in favor of von Gerlach's resolution.

[*Le Temps* (Semi-Official Opportunist Daily), *January 21*]

II. *A German Self-Indictment*

HISTORICAL facts have recently been illuminated in a striking way by a pamphlet published in Berlin. This little booklet, which merits survival beyond our present year, is entitled, *A Letter of Farewell from Wilhelm II to the German People.* It is a monologue put in the mouth of the former Kaiser — a monologue that possesses but a single fault, that of being too sensible for the speaker. It shows how the Germans instead of diverting their sovereign from his megalomania, from his greedy ambitions, from his offensive insults — all of which led with fatal directness to the war — encouraged him in these faults by applauding him whenever he rendered Germany odious, and heaped abuse upon him every time he showed transient periods of sanity and a desire to avoid the conflicts which his policies invited.

The political parties now in power in Germany attribute all these faults to the Pan-Germans. Wilhelm II replies eloquently to this in the Berlin pamphlet: 'You say these were only the Pan-Germans? But who were the Pan-Germans then? Were they not the only people among you who took any interest in foreign affairs? Were they not the only ones to make their views heard in public? Did they not carry

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credentials from the German people? And did not the young champions of Social Democracy, the party which was opposed on principle to war, back up the views that these men preached and all the imperialistic efforts of Pan-Germanism? Did not the Social Democrats in 1913 vote for an extraordinary levy to pay for greater armaments? Did there not rise from all your ranks a sigh of satisfaction when I finally declared war against Russia and France?'

Was Germany ignorant during the war of the crimes for which the Allies now demand an accounting from their former Emperor? 'No!' exclaims Wilhelm II in the German pamphlet. 'They had every facility for learning of them. The frontiers of the country were open for the passage not only of neutral newspapers, but of those from enemy countries. Even the books which our enemies published upon the war and those that appeared in neutral countries, were, for the most part, available for any German at home who desired to have them. The speeches of foreign statesmen, the documents containing their revelations, were authorized to be republished in your newspapers and have been so republished. You read them. You have known from the outset the very things that you now pretend to learn with stupefaction. You are a race of hypocrites. You knew all about it. You are merely pretending that you did not know. You were deeply involved in the conspiracy of falsehood as long as you believed that such a conspiracy and the war that it accompanied would be to your advantage. You never tried to discover the truth until the day you saw defeat impending.'

The author of this pamphlet attributes to the ex-Emperor a thought that certainly has occurred to all the Prussian reactionaries and disguised or undisguised imperialists who throng the present civil and military administration, from General von Seckt who was selected to take charge of demobilization, to the diplomats who procured for Mr. Hermann Miller a propaganda fund collected from the great iron masters. 'Even to-day,' Wilhelm is made to say, 'I cannot conceive how you could have forgotten or overlooked all the things that you have said, written, and sung for dozens and dozens of years, and that your spokesmen have said, written, and sung about Me and my House and the indestructible ties which united your history and Myself. You will have to change your history in order to make your present conduct comprehensible to your sons and grandsons. You will be forced to eliminate from that history Frederick the Great and William the Great; for I have not thought, acted, or governed otherwise than they did. The only thing I failed to do was to succeed.'

[*Berliner Tageblatt* (Liberal Daily), *January 12*]

III. *A Democratic Opinion*

BY THEODOR WOLFF

SINCE we have been living in what purports to be a state of peace, the public has shown increased interest in the list of persons, not yet officially published, who according to the word of the treaty are to be surrendered for trial by the Entente. We paid but little attention to this provision while it was being drafted, and we are talking too much about it now that it is in force. On many occasions since the collapse of the empire, and even so far as the military censorship permitted before that event — indeed, as early as the spring of 1915, we discussed this possibility. At that early

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date, we said: 'Let us make a public example of every man who has sinned against the dictates of humanity and the principles of international law.' Mr. Von Bethmann-Hollweg replied to this suggestion, when we made it to him personally, by a despondent, embarrassed shrug of the shoulders, intended to express his powerlessness. The ministries in office during our national Twilight of the Gods, and since the adoption of the new constitution, have constantly put off considering this unpleasant question. We have now signed the treaty after a good deal of unnecessary and futile protest by our representatives; and the present cabinet, which like its predecessors, took note of the storm too late, no longer solemnly assures us that it will not give its approval to such a demand.

Our only recourse now is to try to convince upright, fine-feeling, and far-seeing men the world over, that the demand to surrender these persons involves both a brutal disregard of justice and a monumental piece of folly. It involves a disregard of justice, because to surrender our fellow citizens to be punished by foreign judges, violates every lofty instinct of a nation. Avengers are not judges, neither should judges be made avengers. No one is commissioned to punish Englishmen and Frenchmen who have been guilty of similar offenses. The measure involves an unexampled piece of folly, because sentences passed under such conditions will have no moral worth, nor bear the impress of truth and right. They will not act as a deterrent against subsequent offenses, but will merely deepen and perpetuate the hatred that inspires such offenses. Few incidents in Germany have had such a wholesome effect upon public opinion as the trials of Marloh and Hiller, which revealed to everyone the moral and mental depravity which militarism produces. If these trials had been held in a foreign country and before enemy judges, they would have spread no such enlightenment. They would have taught no lesson to our people; they would merely have excited national resentment and made the accused in the eyes of most Germans innocent victims of foreign brutality. Such a drama as the Allies propose to stage in their tribunals, even though it bring to light many disgraceful things, will not increase respect for justice, but merely arouse national passion. To be sure, people abroad may say that the trials of Marloh and Hiller show how little hope there is of securing adequate punishment from a German court-martial in cases of this character. The German Government, however, has proposed a form of procedure which adequately provides against too mild sentences. We must emphasize in our protests that we really desire to punish the guilty and not to help them evade punishment. If a few German Nationalists do try to identify the accused with the whole Fatherland, the people themselves must keep clearly in mind that though innocent names may appear on the list of those charged with crimes by the Allies, there are many on that list who, like Marloh and Hiller, are far from fit to figure as national heroes.

We hope that Holland will not humble its pride, that it will defend its right to give asylum and will refuse to deliver the Kaiser. The letters of Wilhelm II to the Tsar, which lie before us at this moment in their complete form, and from which we have been publishing the most significant selections during the past week, show what a muddle-headed man he was. From the parade ground where the new uniforms he had designed

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were exhibited, and from the robing chamber where he treasured his military theatrical wardrobe, this monarch looked out over the world with an unstable but opinionated gaze. This Emperor always saw himself in a magnifying reflector, and everything that he liked and favored he fancied partook of his own greatness. He knew nothing of measure, shadings, and distinctions. When after Hintze had fallen into disgrace with the Tsar, and General Lauenstein had fallen ill, he sent the amiable and gifted von Chelius to Nicholas, he wrote in a letter which we have not yet published, that von Chelius played 'as well as Rubinstein, D'Albert, or any other great pianist.' He himself is the 'Admiral of the Atlantic' who 'constantly stands watch,' and when he does not close his letters with a 'huntsman's hail,' he closes it with the melodious adieu, 'Ta! Ta!' We should recall in this connection that when Wilhelm, on the occasion of a meeting on the high seas, first addressed the Tsar Nicholas as 'Admiral of the Pacific,' and asserted that he was 'Admiral of the Atlantic,' the Tsar curtly rejected the new titles, and that after it had departed, the Russian imperial yacht refused to recognize 'Admiral of the Atlantic' signals. A person who has read these letters through from beginning to end, will note furthermore that the former Kaiser would express contradictory and conflicting opinions in quick succession, either assuming that the Tsar had no memory, or completely lacking that faculty himself. At the beginning of the Russian-Japanese war he wrote that the Tsar must have Korea and Manchuria under all circumstances, and that he must under no conditions permit another Power to occupy Korea. He cautioned him against English proposals to mediate, and assured him no one had a right to interfere. A year later he wanted to arbitrate the war himself, and shortly thereafter he became violently angered with the newspapers because they had attacked him 'in the lowest and most contemptible way' and had asserted 'together with other gossip and nonsense,' that he had suggested annexations.

He thought that he was very shrewd, that he was a past master at diplomacy in trying at every opportunity to inspire the Tsar with distrust of England and especially of King Edward. He would add little comments, half jokingly cautioning the Tsar even against members of his own family and against Russian diplomats and Ministers, who, he said, were constantly talking in the interest of London. But his shrewdness was so transparent that even Nicholas must have taken secret offense on many occasions at the low opinion the 'Admiral of the Atlantic' had of his intelligence.

The methods that Wilhelm II took to promote his plans for alliances were already known to some before these letters were published. But a great deal of nonsense is being written about them now, and we often lose patience with the ignorance and unreliability of the people who assume the task of keeping the public informed about such matters.

In a letter dated May 30, 1898, which has been published here, Wilhelm II tells his dearest 'Niki' 'in secrecy and strict confidence' that England had proposed to him a Treaty of Alliance. He says that he will give 'cool and dilatory' reply to the proposal and adds: 'I beg you, as my old and trusted friend, to tell me what you can offer and are willing to offer.' The 'old and trusted friend' natura[illegible] offered nothing, or little [illegible] English proposal [illegible]

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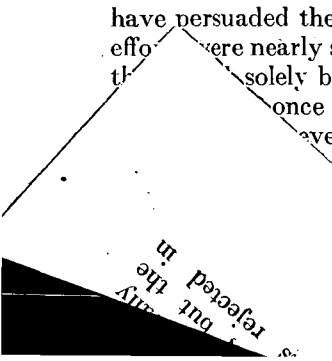
Berlin in the same way as the definite offer of an alliance by Chamberlain the following year. These offers were rejected because Wilhelm II was concocting a scheme about that date with Mr. Von Tirpitz, to build a great fleet and to start out on a 'world career'; and because you could not arouse enthusiasm at home and convince the people of the necessity of spending a lot of money on the navy and let loose upon them a horde of navy leaders and other agitators, if you concluded an alliance, or even the preliminary measures looking in that direction, with Great Britain. The English replied to this by establishing an *entente cordiale* with France, a country that had been thrown into their arms by the madness of the German-Morocco policy.

Just at this time — between the Paris visit to King Edward, in May, 1903, preparatory to the new Entente, and the German demonstration against France in Morocco introduced by the theatrical trip to Tangier in the spring of 1905 — Wilhelm II tried to induce the Tsar and his ally, France, to conclude an alliance with him against England. He keeps cheerily on, even after the conclusion of the treaty between France and England has been signed and after the conference of Algeciras. Some champions of the so-called 'continental policy' have persuaded themselves that these effo[illegible]ere nearly successful and that th[illegible]solely because Wilhelm II [illegible]once admit France into [illegible]eveal to that country [illegible]with the Tsar, and [illegible]d with scorn and [illegible]eois republi[illegible]t the case. [illegible]con[illegible]ubli[illegible]d



where he refers to 'that woodchopper, Faillères,' the President of the French Republic, and ridicules his sending an adjutant to St. Petersburg. He thought this was a shrewd thing to do. He fancied he could disparage the French with his beloved 'Niki.' Wilhelm II we know was highly entertained whenever a man like the French chocolate manufacturer, Menier, or any other Frenchman visited him during the Kiel week. He cherished the distrust characteristic of a man of his temperament, and even had there been no alliance with Russia he could not have reached an understanding with France in 1904 or 1905 because it was already too late. Back in the Fashoda days — that is about 1900 — Germany might have secured an alliance with France and Russia at the expense of England; but after Edward had made his visit of conciliation in Paris, and Delcassé had conducted his negotiations in London, and the recent hostility to England had been transferred to ourselves by the Morocco incident, such a scheme was quite impracticable. The last shred of hope disappeared the day after the fall of Delcassé, when the Councilor of the German Embassy, von Flotow, against his own better judgment, was forced to deliver to the French Minister of Foreign Affairs a note in which the German Government now for the first time insisted — and indeed with outright threats — upon its plan for a conference. A person who witnessed the ironical joy of every English and French entente chauvinist in Paris at this event can cherish no illusions regarding the situation thus created, and nothing that could have occurred under the circumstances was more grotesque than these efforts for an alliance undertaken by Wilhelm II at that period.

The same Kaiser who in 1904 tried

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to persuade the Tsar to make an alliance against England; and who in 1895 had already informed him privately and in strict confidence of the cool and dilatory attitude he would take against the English proposal for an alliance, only two years later blurted out to a correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, in the very midst of the Boer War, that France and Russia had invited him to form an alliance against England, and that he had not only rejected such a proposal but had informed the King of England in a secret telegram of the plan those parties had to humiliate England, and the reply he had made to their suggestion. So he favored one court after another in succession with these confidential advices, always trying to ingratiate himself with one at the expense of another; and yet he was surprised that all these cousins and friends, who naturally informed each other of these secret messages, refused to believe in his sincerity. Why should our enemies hale him before a court of justice? The only people who have any grievances against him are the Germans, and they are satisfied with the sentence they have already passed upon him.

[*L'Opinion* (National Liberal Weekly), *January 24*]

CLEMENCEAU'S DEFEAT

BY JACQUES BARDOUX

BERLIN will make a mistake if it illuminates the city and recalls the remark of Wilhelm II: 'Niki, take my word for it, the curse of God has struck that nation for eternity.' Our Allies, too, will make a mistake if they think the defeat of M. Clemenceau is a gesture of weariness or a new point of departure in our diplomacy. Never has the desire to live and to do been more intense and unanimous than at this moment. Never has the country been more vividly conscious of the grandeur of its mission and the worth of its alliances. But the election of M. Paul Deschanel none the less has diplomatic importance.

Congress has given its vote with a unanimity that has no precedence since the election of Thiers, to a man who is not the slave of a party — much less the slave of a faction — and whose personality and career have been characterized by the serenity of temper, the self-control, and the moderation of a gentleman of culture, because, first and foremost, that body believes that the international situation is exceedingly serious. The Adriatic is a storm centre; Turkey is waiting intently; Hungary is struggling; Austria is expiring; the German Empire totters on the verge; the Russian cancer spreads wider and wider. The newly elected deputies, many of whom have seen with their own eyes a war which their predecessors only knew by its lurid reflection in the firmament, have refused to incur a certain risk for their country. They find themselves face to face with peril in the East, where the embers of conflict threaten every mo-

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ment again to flare into blaze, and where the convulsions of dying societies succeed each other with increasing violence from Riga, Budapest, and Constantinople to the Plateau of Pamir and the steppes of Irkutsk. With his mighty prestige and incomparable past, M. Clemenceau would have carried with him to the presidential palace, a diplomatic risk with which we are familiar — that danger which comes from imprudent words and impulsive decisions, from too strong a personality and too inveterate habits of thought and action. When the main thing was to obtain in the full tide of battle the maximum service from a coalition, such faults were virtues, or, better said, all else was disregarded in view of the powerful will, the inexorable determination, and the virile eloquence which Clemenceau's age, combined with his miraculous youth, crowned with supreme authority. The coöperation of the Allies is as necessary to-day as it was yesterday, but it is infinitely more difficult to maintain. Weariness seizes them; conflicting interests raise their heads; discords multiply; the exalted in rank betray their littleness. So, the time has come when the first task is to avoid unnecessary friction, to flatter personal vanity, to steer clear of conflicts, to prepare carefully in advance for every action, to charge agents with strict instructions and to impose stern obedience. This is a new and a very different task. It demands men of different temperament.

But the diplomatic dangers involved in the election of a President would probably have escaped unnoticed the attention of a majority of the members of Parliament, if M. Clemenceau had not been the victim of cabinet propaganda and of want of diplomatic method.

Ever since November, 1918, his cabinet has insistently, unanimously, and fervently propagated the cult of optimism regarding every phase of our domestic and foreign situation.

I understand quite well that this consistent attitude toward a constantly changing situation is natural and in a large measure justified. Optimism was as necessary during the war as the censorship of the press and the printing of paper money. If we in the rear had known what many in the battle lines knew, our home front would have held fast for five long years. Falsehood — legitimate falsehood — was necessary to galvanize bleeding and exhausted France to its last effort. More than that, there were hours when defeat seemed so near to those who had the heavy burden of responsibility, that compared with this mortal peril all other difficulties seemed but trivial and temporary. When the date of the election drew near and the intoxication of victory passed, official optimism seemed a convenient means for disarming growing criticism and reviving exhausted enthusiasm. This policy of misrepresentation, conscious and designed at first, became an unconscious habit of disregarding facts and has cost the country dearly. The repeal of all restrictions upon consumption, the free admission of goods from abroad, the postponement of new taxes, are all measures that have aggravated the financial crisis and our economic distress. Has not this same incapacity to see and to speak the exact truth contributed also to increase our present diplomatic difficulties? Why was no ear given to the repeated reports of M. Jusserand indicating the rapid decline of Wilson's authority, and the certain delay of the treaty in America, soon enough to modify the wording of the latter and to strengthen its guaranties at the proper time? Optimism accounts for this. Why, un-

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til yesterday, was sentiment in Great Britain hostile to closer ties with Continental nations systematically denied, and the outcome of the conversations in London — resumed after an intentional interruption — purposely exaggerated? Optimism. Is there anyone, moreover, who believes that the Russian problem would have been as serious as it is to-day if the government had realized more accurately the real weakness of Kolchak's and Denikin's following and the solidity of the Bolshevist dictatorship? Instead of that, for weeks and weeks optimistic dispatches announced victorious progress toward Moscow or Petrograd and the impending collapse of a government that is modeled too closely upon that of the Tsar's not to have firm root in their former empire and in the Oriental souls of their former subjects.

This state of sentiment has had particularly evil effects in the diplomatic field. By misrepresenting facts, by placing too confident an interpretation upon them, a government incurs risk of giving artificial importance to slight disagreements and of having to modify or even repudiate its statements. If the results of an action are presented to the country, or to Parliament, in too glowing terms, the ultimate outcome may be to create disillusion and to bring formidable criticism on the ministry when the facts are known. Furthermore, when this affectation of optimism becomes a habit throughout the civil service, down to the lowest ranks of the official hierarchy, it constitutes a serious peril for the nation. No statement from a government office commands confidence. We have no way of testing the accuracy of information. There was once before in our history a period when French diplomacy made a religion of optimism and when ambassadors of high literary ability sent us nothing but reassuring dispatches. Those dispatches still exist in our archives. They have been published; people have read them. Their dates begin in 1863 and end in 1870.

Victory deprives falsehood of its justification. The diplomats of a conquering country have no need to fear the truth. As M. Paul Deschanel stated some days ago, in a remark that attracted general attention: 'The country wishes to be kept informed of its affairs and to be told the truth.' It counts upon M. Millerand to restore the truth to its former honor in government offices and at the Quai-d'Orsay — to revive that regard for political reality which is no more than intellectual honesty and should be the heritage of every free people.

This honesty of statement, combined with a recognized diplomatic method, is a prerequisite for effectiveness in international dealings as well as in private business. Now, for many months all the traditional rules that hitherto governed our diplomatic forms have been regularly disregarded. We have not worked out preliminary understandings, nor made written records of our proceedings, nor employed professional negotiators. Most assuredly, the tradition that a diplomatic career demands special training has of late lacked able defenders. Every man in public life conceives himself to be a finished diplomat. As soon as he can find his way about the corridors of Parliament House and the anterooms of cabinet ministers, he thinks himself far better prepared to conduct important negotiations than a man trained in *L'école des sciences politiques*. This conviction is explained, like most other convictions of the same sort, by the profound ignorance of those who hold them. Diplomatic science was known before even the dream of parliamentary institutions existed. That science

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is a result of an experience handed down through the centuries; experience to which every people that have played a part upon the stage of European civilization have contributed. It demands for its successful practice much more than the simple skill of a business man and intimate knowledge of a particular country. In order to hold our own with the professional diplomats of other governments, we must use the methods and customs endorsed by both the collective experience of nations and the remotest traditions of our ancestors.

A knowledge and respect for diplomatic usages is the more necessary because the French Government is at present compelled by circumstances to collaborate daily in the most complete intimacy with a government where the diplomatic career has become a highly specialized profession, controlled by rigorous conventions and rigid traditions. Up to the present date, British Ministers of Foreign Affairs, without a single exception — irrespective of whether the government has been put in power by a Radical revolt, or a Conservative reaction — have been recruited from a political aristocracy of certain families, which even in the twentieth century still preserve the hereditary privilege of serving their country in this profession. These men are trained from the outset to respect the authority of professional usages and to observe those traditional formulas and technical methods which characterize the British way of doing things. These men may be slow to apprehend, but they are also slow to forget. Consequently, the British diplomatic service possesses mental habits which give it beyond that of any other country definiteness in its objective, and continuity in its methods.

Negotiations with such diplomats — above all daily negotiations — become difficult and ineffective, if the other party is not inspired by the same mental habits and is not faithful to the same diplomatic methods.

I understand, of course, that during the negotiations which have continued since November, 1918, the vital interests of France, both political and financial, have been safeguarded. None the less, the country has never felt, except momentarily and in respect to certain capital questions like that of the Rhine, that it was witnessing the pursuit of a definite, prearranged policy, sure of its method and conscious of its objectives, ripely meditated and controlled by thought-out principles executed faithfully by disciplined agents. Our efforts have been dispersed; our repulses have been numerous; our inconsistencies have been frequent; our changes of front have been unnumbered. Impulse never serves as well as forethought. A brutal outburst invariably yields to inflexible resolution.

Let me cite two recent examples. I was present at the first meeting of the League of Nations. It left me with an excellent impression. I did not feel inclined to ridicule sarcastically an institution which embodies a French idea, guarantees French interests, and assures France great international influence. I was impressed by the simplicity of this meeting, without archaic uniforms and military ceremonial. The Anglo-French character of the session seemed to me a valuable pledge of its permanence and efficiency. M. Léon Bourgeois and Lord Curzon paid appropriate homage to the moral idealism which inspires to effort and to the political realism which commands enlightened confidence. So I waited curiously to see what programme this first session would propose. But the meeting, after appointing a Secretary-General and designating the three ad-

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ministrators for the Saar, adjourned *sine die*.

What about the administrative functions provided by the Covenant? Why delay organizing them? And the colonial mandates? Why postpone their operation? And the navy questions? Why pass those over in silence? And the recent proposal for international action in regard to war finances? Why not at least examine that? In effect, the French Government, which was responsible for this first meeting of the League of Nations, had not provided any programme of action. It waited for the United States to take the initiative in place of going ahead itself. It employed the services of Mr. Léon Bourgeois instead of directing his efforts. Our own country, like Germany, has no thought-out policy. It obeys impulses. It waits for things to happen; it watches and hesitates. Offices are organized; appointments are made. But the machine turns slowly, irregularly, without vigor, direction, or method.

And a Russian policy. Did I say there was not one? There are a number of them, only our French diplomats cannot agree which one to adopt.

On December 23, M. Clemenceau refused the opponents of the Bolsheviki further aid, since we were getting nothing for our investment; but at the same time he insisted that the unauthorized oligarchy at Moscow must be rigorously isolated. We were to surround Soviet Russia with a barbed wire barrier, guarded by the Roumanians, the Czecho-Slovaks, and above all by the Poles. By January 15, the barbed wire plan was condemned. Openings in it were made; the blockade was lifted; commercial relations were to be resumed; necessary instructions were given to British merchants by the Board of Trade. Almost simultaneously, General Etiévant, in charge of our military mission in Finland, received the representatives of the local press at Helsingfors and made a statement to them which was published in the German and English newspapers: 'Since there is no indication that the Bolsheviki will be overthrown by a domestic revolution, the only recourse for the Allies is military intervention, which is to be characterized by a unity of operations that can only be carried out under a united command. In order to avoid jealousies among the countries immediately adjacent to Russia, the Entente will provide the commander. It will supply a general staff to operate against the Russian army. Each of the participating governments will organize its own army and appoint its leader. The beginning of the offensive depends upon the date when adequate tonnage can be provided for transports.'

Absolute isolation with an army reserve to assure it; resumption of normal relations and commerce; military intervention under Allied command: three contradictory policies. All three of them are simultaneously in course of execution. Truly, indeed, we could not carry our diplomatic incoherence to a more absurd point.

I am quite aware that the British Foreign Office has often been as badly counseled as the Quai-d'Orsay. It has not been better informed or more logical. But that only makes the setback more serious and the responsibility more heavy.

I admire the man who has the courage to enter the Quai-d'Orsay designing to reëstablish there respect for methods and traditions, and to address himself to liquidating a world-wide diplomatic deficit less generally appreciated by the public than the financial deficit, but equally heavy, equally serious, and equally urgent. Never in our history have the responsibilities of

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the Minister of Foreign Affairs been heavier than in this post-bellum crisis. Mankind has not been able to reëstablish its mental equilibrium, nor to resume the pursuits of peace. The fever of battle still throbs in our veins. It will not cease to plague us until every government and every citizen has paid its price. Look now at the Orient, at that vast reservoir of human beings from whence the great military invasions of the past have come, to those millions and millions who until just now have been inert and passive, but have at last caught this fever from the West. It is spreading there with disconcerting rapidity. Surely, the time has come to check its course.

[*Frankfurter Zeitung* (Liberal Daily), *January 20*]

THE MAN, CLEMENCEAU

CLEMENCEAU has not been sacrificed to a mere caprice of fate. His defeat is the climax of a modern tragedy, where the faults and sins of human character are expiated. Clemenceau's overthrow is peculiarly his own work. He has completed his career according to the inexorable logic of the course he chose. A powerful personality like his rules by will power, by hard determination, and not by personal attraction and affection. Such a man will be tolerated for a period, but slowly resentments accumulate and opposition grows. Clemenceau is the author of a romance, entitled *The Strongest*, in which he represents the poor and humble of spirit as the victims of the powerful. In a still earlier book, entitled *The Social Conflict*, he pictures the progress of society in the light of Darwinism, as a heartless struggle for survival, in which the strongest always win. The motto of this book was the verse of Job:

'Is there not a warfare to man upon earth?'

In this book Clemenceau took th side of the oppressed, whom he ha desired to help in the unequal contest It was remarkable, however, tha during the incessant intellectual an political battles which constituted hi own career, he was ever relentless an strong. Only his ideas were to rule i the empire of thought; only he, per sonally, was to rule in the politica arena. Any measure was justified tha helped him attain his ends. When h first entered the Chamber of Deputie as a leader of the Radical Republicans Gambetta's powerful personal influ ence stood in his way. Clemencea succeeded in placing his opponent i the presidential chair, where he wa removed from party politics.

One of the younger Frenchmen, Ma evel Raffaëlli, has written a magnificen description of Clemenceau as a speake in a public meeting. The great leade is represented emerging from the ha obscurity of a poorly-lighted hal every feature of his energetic count nance tense, throwing the tremendou vigor of his personality into every or of the winged words that left his lip Clemenceau's vigor, his inexhaustib vitality, that elasticity of spirit tha recognizes no need of repose, r mained his possession to the very clo of his political career. At the Counc Table with Wilson and Lloyd Georg Clemenceau was the same man that h had been thirty years previously in th Chamber of Deputies — incarnate will, crushing all opposition, not b persuasion but by determination an relentless insistence! He had th spiritual make-up of the born dictato he possessed likewise oratorical pow and skill in political strategy. In th brilliant days when he was forcing h way to leadership, he always had th support of a small body of loyal fo lowers. But under his leadership i ternal conflicts grew. Clemenceau

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oquence compensated for his scanty llowing. He was so peculiarly him- lf, so completely distinct as an indi- dual, that he will have no successor his own kind. He possessed the art employing effectively the most ıustic methods of attack. Something inspiration almost ennobled the art ith which he wielded such weapons. ut he did not depend on them. lemenceau spoke from the Tribune ı a conversational voice. Ordinarily ɔ used no gestures: he kept his hands ı his pockets; his manner was matter- f-fact. His practical, clear-visioned nowledge of men enabled him to make hatever he said luminous and inter- ;ting. Irony, wit, unsparing sarcasm, ere weapons that he did employ, ıd his closing argument always fell — ; has been said — 'like the ax of a uillotine, swift as lightning and final.'

The Third Republic will always re- ard Clemenceau as one of its greatest ıen. He can never be erased from ɔrty years of French history. With- ut him that history would have taken different course. Clemenceau was ıe defender of republicanism. For vo decades he defended it in a nega- ve way, but by so doing he was re- ɔonsible for its survival. He was like ıperheated steam which hisses from very crevice of an engine and burns verything with which it comes in con- ıct, but moves the machinery. The ɔublicanism of the Moderates and ıe Progressives was in danger of losing s aggressiveness and vigor. The ealthy bourgeoisie wanted rest and ɔught protection among the Conserv- ives. They were ready to make ɔmpromises, to betray the programme the great revolution — human ghts and the sovereignty of the ɔople. The republican group, which révy, Simon, Ferry, and Gambetta ıd organized into a political machine, as in danger of falling a victim to an exaggerated sense of its own security. Thereupon, Clemenceau thrust his sharp poniard into the group and every negligent and half-hearted ministry fell. In his attacks he made capital errors. His opposition to colonial expansion now seems ridiculous in the light of subsequent events. France is to-day second only to England as a Colonial Power. Twenty years later Clemenceau himself, when in the ministry, helped to make new acquisitions in Morocco at the peril of a Continental war. But at that earlier date he was counted the principal domestic enemy of French expansion. He opposed French participation in Egypt and the expeditions against Tunis and Tonkin. He overthrew the cabinet of Ferry on account of a military reverse in Indo-China.

He was no less violent and assertive in respect to domestic policies. He insisted pertinaciously upon a liberal reform of the constitution. He made imperative demands in regard to every detail of the budget or of new legislation. His favorite hobby was to abolish the Senate. At that time, indeed, the Upper House, chosen by an indirect method of election, was the stronghold of Conservatism, and successfully resisted many political and social reforms. Later, Clemenceau permitted himself to be made a senator. This is only one of many paradoxes in his public career. His apt reply to sarcastic comments was that the new elections were making the Senate radical. Eventually, Clemenceau attained world-wide reputation as a destroyer of cabinets. He owes the nickname 'Tiger' to a later period, when his upright form began to be bowed by age and his peculiarly rugged countenance and flat skull and drooping moustache came to give him some resemblance to the beast of prey of the jungle. But his method of fighting even in his

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prime was like the leap of a tiger who seizes his victim and never relaxes his hold.

So long as republican institutions were in danger Clemenceau sacrificed everything else to their defense. The *bloc* of the great revolution — he coined that word — was the corner stone over which he kept vigilant watch no matter what other enterprise called for his attention. Fervent patriotism burned in his heart, and blazed up to chauvinism whenever the relations of France to Germany were in question. He was thirty years old when the Franco-Prussian war occurred. He was a member of those who signed the protocol from Bordeaux repudiating the preliminary peace terms that ceded Alsace-Lorraine to Prussia. The impression of that time remains indelibly in his memory. *Revanche* became to him a holy duty. For this reason he supported General Boulanger. When he saw, however, that the General had developed a taste for a dictatorship and the elections began to assume the character of a plebiscite, he turned from him without hesitation. The same sentiment impelled him later, when he was no longer in Parliament, to take up the cudgels with remorseless vigor against the army in the Dreyfus affair. He would not tolerate the reactionary movement in military circles. His chauvinism sufficed to make him an enemy of all opportunist cabinets, which, to use the words of Jules Ferry, would not allow themselves 'to be hypnotized by a hole in the Vosges.'

This is the Clemenceau with whom we had to reckon when he became Premier. Concern for the republic had disappeared; concern for the Fatherland took its place. He played without restraint upon the national sentiment of his countrymen, and his skill drew them after him to the very farthes boundaries of political and diplomati prudence. He was able to brand Del cassé with the stigma of folly and u reliability, to hound him to death a if the latter were a personal enemy and yet, when he himself became hea of the government, he outdid his fo mer rival in boldness. It seemed hi fate to be the eternal paradox i French politics, and to carry out a Premier the very things he had oppose when in the opposition. During th era when France first showed a revive of interest in foreign policies, Clemer ceau in his double rôle of critic an actor, exercised great influence ov the nation's destinies. The Third Re public had the reputation of being to timid toward Berlin, and of seeking a approving gesture from that capita for every step it took. Clemenceau de termined to free France from this va saldom, thus carrying out a polic started by Delcassé. When the inc dent of Casa Blanca set all Euro ashudder, Clemenceau was Premie He justified his unyielding attitude a that time with the sentence: 'A ma must be able to say no.'

Clemenceau's biographers will fin his life one of the most active in huma record. What slumbered in the deep depths of his soul? Profound pe simism. Clemenceau wrote a dram *The Veil of Happiness*. This 'veil happiness' was blindness. The o Chinaman who had craved the blessi of sight longed again for the darkne in which he had lived before. Clemer ceau was a man with a classical educ tion, an admirer of Greece, who lov Modern Greece for the sake of Pla and Pericles. He made addresses of non-political character that reveal great profundity of thought and hi perfection of form. He wrote inn merable newspaper articles of the fi literary quality. To his deep learni

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nd cultivation was due his ability to peak and write impromptu, drawing om an abundant reservoir of facts. His personal experiences embittered is feelings toward his fellow men, but hey also enriched those sentiments. Even as a student he had been imrisoned under the old Empire for his epublican sympathies. Several years pent in America, where he practised s a physician and was an instructor n a young ladies' boarding school — nd incidentally found a wife — taught im how to support himself. The verthrow of the last Napoleon rought him back to Paris, where he aw the horrors of the Commune. As Mayor of Montmartre he barely esaped execution. He was charged with bribery in the course of his political career. It was said that he had sold himself to England. He was involved in the Panama scandal. Domestic happiness was never granted him. Somewhere in his writings he says that life is 'the cry of crushed souls,' but he possessed the strength to vanquish misfortune. He was inspired with a passionate skepticism which made him keenly critical and fully alert of spirit — qualities which did not leave him until he became very old. His last work, *The Peace of Versailles*, reveals only the obstinate, the hard side of Clemenceau's nature, that flinty quality from which none the less, at an earlier date, the sparks of pure humanity were struck.

[British *Review of Reviews* (Liberal Monthly), *January-February*]

WILL EUROPE GO BANKRUPT?

BY SISLEY HUDDLESTON

In conversation with one of the oundest financial experts in Europe, I as astonished to hear him say asually, and as if the prospect was o clear as to have been accepted with esignation by everybody: 'Austria ill be bankrupt by March.'

Austria will be bankrupt by March! nd after? What of the other countries f Europe? How many of them will ollow suit? In the business world no rm can fail without dragging to ruin a umber of other houses. Is it so in olitics? Obviously the laws of finance re the same for nations as for individals, and it is impossible for a financial rash to take place in Austria without involving all other countries to some extent. At the very least Austria will become a burden on the Poor Law of Europe — if I may repeat a phrase I have used before. She will be a pauper at our charge. She is. How could it be otherwise when we have taken away from her the means even of feeding herself?

Our policy was to break up with a sledge hammer all the old Europe; but diplomacy of the Clemenceau and Lloyd George kind is more successful in smashing than in rebuilding. Here we have the pieces of a jig-saw puzzle, but it is impossible for us to fit them together again. The big starving capital of Austria is helpless in a tiny country, and has neither the capacity to grow

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its own wheat nor to pay for the wheat which is brought in. Bankruptcy is just inability to pay creditors; but often the bankrupt can find the funds to live cheerfully enough. With Austria the case is different. Not only can her creditors give up hope of getting a penny from her for many years, if ever (soon some other political entity will have to be found), but they will have to feed her. Austria is down and out, and anybody who for a moment argues against doing our utmost for her is a fool as well as a creature without bowels. Even Italy, her old implacable enemy, is full of pity; and the peaked-faced, rickety-legged little children of Vienna are being cared for in Milan.

You could tie up great bundles of Austrian paper money, put them on your back, and stagger away; and instead of having a fortune, as you might imagine, you would be carrying away little more than bundles of old paper which a fishmonger might buy in which to wrap his fish. That Austrian liabilities had better be written down as bad debts need hardly be discussed. What we may properly discuss is how far the fall of Austria will bring about the financial fall of other countries. Will the dust of the collapse sting our eyes and fill our throats and settle in white patches on our clothes, but not hurt us more than that? Or will Austria prove to be the blind and shorn Samson who in her death will pull down with her the pillars of civilization and bury us all in common ruin?

There will, undoubtedly, be repercussions. This Ottomanizing of Europe in the financial sense can leave no one unscathed. We are all in this business, and we cannot detach ourselves and pass with a shrug of the shoulders on the other side. Not even America can behave like the Levite. She is deeply interested the financial fate of Europe. Euro is a valuable market. If the mark dries up — no, it can't do tha American goods will be long wanted - if the market is not able to pay, every purchase takes it a step furth on the way to the Bankruptcy Cour then America will soon begin to pull wry face, and find its banks and i businesses, rich as they believe ther selves to be, rocking uneasily, danger of being upset in the gener chaos. The prosperity even of Ame ica is built partly upon Europe; and only one side of the foundation sink then the superstructure will becon askew. There are many Leanin Towers of Pisa to-day; they rema out of the perpendicular by a miracl but we cannot hope that they will fo ever defy the laws of gravity — the still more rigid laws of finance.

During the last month everybo seems to have been turning his atte tion to this subject. France is tryi to put her house in order — not t soon. Germany attempted to raise loan which proved a dismal failu Poland is reconstructing her wh economic base, one thing she is doi being eminently sensible — name the cutting down of the large do which she was paying as a premi to unemployment. It is a curio symptom of our insanity that should have been endeavoring to vise methods of spending mon rather than of making money; a this Polish fault has been repeated an immense scale in Great Brita where the bigger a scheme of expen ture is the more chance it has of be passed. Nevertheless, even at ho there are welcome signs that we a beginning to realize the truth abo the financial situation of the world and when I say the world, I do mean some vague remote planet wh

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oats somewhere in space beyond the umosphere of the British Isles.

Sir George Paish has done invaluable ork in putting the financial facts ith a precision but also with a cturesque force that makes us sit up id take lively notice. There is Mr. M. Keynes, C.B., whom I remem-er at Paris, and whose book *The conomic Consequences of the Peace* evelops, with the mastery of an pert and the authority of a man who as behind the scenes, a particular ieme which others (myself, for ex-nple) were only able to treat broadly id to an incredulous public in our stories of the Peace Conference. M. lemenceau's visit to London, whether failed or not, is at least a healthy gn that the statesmen are beginning mly to discern the importance of lidarity. Solidarity or ruin! They e, however, far from understanding e plain truth, and I wonder whether ven now it is worth while writing this utal verity.

The brutal verity is simply this: at Europe as a whole can never pay s debts and we had better recognize as quickly as possible instead of oundering in a sea of debts. Call it nkruptcy if you please: call it a ancial readjustment: what's in a me? At any rate it involves the ncellation of debts. Sooner or later, some form or other, we must come that point, and a voluntary liquida-n, or rather an amicable arrange-ent, is better than the shock and location that will inevitably result we do not agree with each other nations and with each other as izens.

I am afraid it will be some time — langerously long time — before we gin to see clearly how our fate is und up with our neighbor's — ecially our financial fate. Suppose a moment that France and Germany cannot find their Necker, get deeper and deeper until they sink completely in the mire: do you suppose that England could complacently shake her insular head and cry with smiling scorn, 'Oh! these Continental neighbors!' Be sure of this: that what happens to them will happen in some measure to us. Mutual confidence, credit, a stable exchange, a sufficiency of capital, and an incentive to work are the vital conditions of commerce; and no nation can live unto itself.

I write with a multitude of figures which I have obtained from official sources spread out before me, but I do not think that to quote figures is the best way of bringing home the truth. We have grown accustomed to naughts. They convey nothing to us. There is a limit to the human imagination; if we have not the mathematical mind we are no more impressed by nine or twelve naughts than by six; if we have the mathematical mind we regard the figures as figures with which certain juggling feats can be performed on paper, and not as representing realities. They are symbols which are accepted for themselves and not for what they stand for. Beyond a milliard, says somebody, one ceases to calculate. It is just as useful to do as is done in astronomy, and when figures become so impossibly large to use conventional signs instead. If we talk of £20,000,000,000, or if we talk of X.Y.Z. the impression produced is much the same.

That is one effect of the war. It has, whether for the common man or for the super-statesman, destroyed all ideas of monetary values. To play with milliards is to lose all practical sense of money. When it was blandly admitted at Westminster some time ago that a deficit of £250,000,000 was expected in the budget, did anyone take alarm? No, what is £250,000,000?

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What would be £2,500,000,000? They never translate themselves into living things. If somebody wrote on the wall, 'Mane, Thecel, Pharès,' the phrase would be meaningless for a stolid British audience. So when later on it was announced that the deficit would be in reality £470,000,000 it did not seem a bit more dreadful.

Here is, however, the crux of the matter. If we cannot meet our current expenses, where are we? How long can we go on? There is only one end for those who, in the capital French phrase, cannot 'buckle their budget.' Finances cannot get themselves understood; but economics have an eloquence of their own. The finances of Austria do not concern the ordinary people of Austria, but the economic situation which results concerns them. They know that they are without work, they can appreciate the fact that they are without food! And all their neighbors to the East, including Roumania and Hungary, if they have no head for figures have a stomach for food.

Here is a fact that may strike the most careless as revealing the dependence of Europe on America. (America forgets for the moment that she is in her turn dependent on Europe, but the truth will dawn upon her.) I found some of my Polish friends one day in a terrible state of indignation. 'America has grossly insulted us,' they told me. 'How?' I asked. And then they explained that an offer has just been made by which Poland should enjoy American credits at the price of American control. American experts here, American experts there, American experts everywhere, would show Poland how to manage; and would, of course, assure the repayment of American credits with Polish money. Just as if Poland were a dependency in Darkest Africa! If America will not take an official mandate for Constantinople or for Armenia, she is busy seeking mandates in Western Europe. Political entanglements in the Near East are rejected; financial entanglements, which after all are much more likely to cause bitterness and to give America precisely the sort of interests which lead, in a world without a League of Nations, to war, are being woven by bankers. In return for help, America will govern Europe from the counting houses of New York.

A day or two after this incident a highly significant report of Mr. Frank Vanderlip, one of the greatest American financiers, made me open my eyes still wider. He actually proposed similar conditions to France. He believes in the imminent bankruptcy of Europe without American direction. I do not say he is wrong; but what I do say is that France, like Poland, is proud and will prefer to come very near to perishing rather than accept the terms proposed with such shocking frankness by the head of the First National City Bank.

There are two points which he makes which demonstrate his definite distrust not only of France but of Europe as a whole. First, if there is to be an American loan not a penny piece shall be given to any government. Governments are too incompetent, too corrupt, to be allowed to handle American dollars. Second, America must have her hand in the till. She must preside over the exchequer. It is obvious, of course, that whoever dictates the financial policy of a country is the real ruler of that country. America will be the Official Receiver. She must have a mortgage, a first claim upon the income of the borrowing country.

Perhaps it would be too much to expect more; the situation in which Europe finds herself after five years

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of reckless spending and non-production and destruction, and perhaps, above all, the obliteration of the customary economic frontiers and the persistent territorial uncertainties, have jeopardized all; and how to restart life again with a mountainous accumulation of debts upon every back is a vast problem of doubtful solution. There was even a proposal in this search for securities to have a lien on the famous pictures and art treasures of France and other countries. That such precautions are being taken is deeply significant. They indicate an opinion which, however ungenerous, has to be reckoned with. No loans for countries which have not a sound system of taxation, or whose custom duties are not sufficiently productive! The consortium of lenders, after determining at the Hague the needs of each applicant country, to give, in return for the bond, not in cash but in kind! The only European Finance Minister on the Continent who is regarded favorably by Mr. Vanderlip is M. Delacroix, of Belgium; and it is, indeed, true that Belgium has made admirable progress and impresses all observers as one of the few European countries making enlightened efforts to escape the financial morass.

On France his judgment is rather harsh, but I cannot, as a man who constantly keeps his finger on the pulse of Paris, deny that he shows a good deal of discernment. I have faith in the courage and the laboriousness of France if she will only realize what must be done; but not only has the position been hidden from the people by the politicians; the politicians themselves do not grasp the truth. 'France is the least disposed of all nations to look the facts in the face,' he says. Now at last there is some appreciation of the reality. Do not let us exaggerate: everywhere I see it stated that the budget for next year must be something like £2,000,000,000, because it is over a quarter of that amount for the next three months. That conclusion does not necessarily follow. What must be noted is that even at the pre-war rate of exchange the total income of France was barely equal to half such a budget. How could it then be met?

There are, however, exceptional charges such as credits for the devastated areas; and the military expenditure should come down with a run. Still, there is the big loan, which will add hundreds of millions sterling in annual charges to the budget; and even without providing for the redemption of the debt the limits of taxability of the French people must be reached. The pre-war budget of £168,000,000 will be absorbed at least three times over merely in the payment of interest! There are various calculations as to the amount of taxation per head which must be imposed, ranging from 1000 francs to 2000 francs. The lower amount is nearer the truth, but it is surely startling enough. I calculate that for the last year, in round figures, France has imported £1,000,000,000 in goods and exported £200,000,000. No wonder the exchange is against her, and renders necessary purchases more and more difficult! Her holdings abroad are now greatly diminished and it would be sound business to wipe off the slate, as utterly lost, much of the foreign loan, whether in Russia (£500,000,000) or in the Balkans. The first problem is precisely the 'buckling of the budget'—the making ends meet; and the bulging interest on loans is very difficult, indeed to wrap up in the budget.

In Germany, it is not necessary to examine the books. Two or three financial facts will suffice. The debt has multiplied forty-fold. Every week

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new paper money to the value of 1,500,000,000 marks is put into circulation. To pay the Entente in gold its claims for the next six years at the present rate of exchange (a mark is worth less than a penny) is to raise something like 700,000,000 marks. Without counting these debts, the taxation which used to be 62 marks per head has multiplied by at least ten. The recent loan was an abject failure. It really only produced enough for a month or so. The spirit of the people, apparently (and understandably), is the spirit of Louis XV, who exclaimed: 'After us the deluge!'

That, indeed, is the spirit of Europe in general. If there are Eastern countries which managed somehow to jog along in a chronic state of bankruptcy because they were kept going by Great Powers that had political need of them, the Western nations cannot expect bankruptcy to be a pleasant or even a possible condition. Something must be done and that quickly, unless we are to pitch headlong into ultimate and universal disaster.

Who can back the bills? Long ago when I discussed the after-war problems with a distinguished personage who has an incisive way of putting things, he stated the alternatives (according to him) in a sentence: 'Repudiation of Debt, which is Bolshevism; or Confiscation of Capital, which is Socialism.' It does not, of course, matter, so far as immediate results are concerned, whether you declare that the national debts, or a portion of the national debts, and therefore the enormous interests which are the chief cause of the financial trouble, are abolished; or whether you make large or small levies on capital — capital invested in such loans above all. There was a heroic hint of the second alternative once — it was immediately drowned in a vociferous chorus of abuse. There was even serious discussion of attaining the same end by have an obligatory consolidating loan which would swallow up all the previous loans but upon which the interest would be half the present interest. Result: your £1000 automatically becomes £500 so far as its interest-producing value is concerned. I mention these solutions in passing. Capitalism will be at its death-gasp before it thus commits hari-kari.

But there is, indeed, a variant on these proposals which comes from Mr. Keynes: that is, the cancellation of debts among the Allied countries. The only country which would really lose (and if the alternative is the complete bankruptcy of Europe she would gain by thus averting such a calamity) would be America. We should nominally lose: but most of our money which is 'out' we shall in any case have to whistle for for a very long time. That, however, though certainly a method of simplifying the embarrassed relations of this moment and of easing the situation a little, is totally inadequate. It is an amazing thing that the only financial pre-occupation of the Peace Conference was how to get gold out of Germany. As I long ago pointed out, we shall have to help Germany, not for humanitarian reasons but in our own interests, before we are through with this business.

The reason? Who said 'Indemnities,' when Germany is without foreign securities, when Germany is without shipping, when Germany is without iron and without coal (for in a comparative sense the loss of Lorraine and the Sarre Valley and Silesia render her coalless and ironless), when Germany is without transports, when Germany is without an ounce of real morale? How can it be done when, even if she was in a position to make money by carrying her exports to a much higher

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figure than her imports (a task she could not accomplish before the war), we should refuse to allow her thus to collar the trade of the world? No, the less we expect from that quarter the wiser we shall be. We shall have to rush to the rescue to save her from bankruptcy, which means that she too will become a pauper and will go on the Poor Law of Europe. We should all follow very quickly. There was one logical and heartless method of making Germany pay — it was to strip her naked without pity, to leave her barer than a country over which locusts have passed, and then to have allowed her, without means of existence, to die in millions miserably.

To make life tolerable for any of us we all have need of each of us. There are things that this country can supply and things that the other country can make. But it would be too elementary for me to begin to point out that trade between the nations is a vital necessity. And it would be comically pedagogic for me to attempt to instruct anybody that trade is impossible without some sort of equality of exchange. Nor would I be forgiven (I hope) if I spent any time in demonstrating that to avoid general ruin we have to pool our resources, we have to hit upon a plan that will, when properly understood, commend itself to all the world, the rich as well as the poor countries. Even sensible private creditors do not willingly let die their bankrupt customers, and those who are in difficulties would surely agree to sink or swim together. (If they don't swim together they will certainly sink together.)

Here is the opportunity for the much-despised Financial League of Nations, which idealists and realists alike turned down in Paris, preferring to discuss who should have the enemy cables and the enemy colonies, and who should say the finest thing about humanity's upward march. After all, in this imperfect world, existence is largely a question of cash — or of credit. There are other economic difficulties, of course; but money has certainly to be found. Without the speedy financial coöperation of all nations, strong and weak, rich and poor, the far-seeing Bolsheviki who prophesied chaos and bankruptcy and the end of the capitalist system in Europe by the springtime, will be able to boast that they told us so.

[*Neue Freie Presse* (Liberal National Daily), *January 21*]

THE BOLSHEVIST ADVANCE ON POLAND

WARSAW, January.

DENIKIN'S army has been crushed, just as the Poles have long foreseen. That general, following the path of Judenich and Kolchak, has disappeared from the calculations of the Entente. Some fragments of his devoted army may be collecting beyond the Don; but he has ceased to be a danger for the Red forces. Poland does not attach extreme importance to this defeat, because as I have just said it never had faith in the Denikin adventure. But the fact that Denikin's retreat has left unoccupied territories between the Polish east front and Bolshevist west front naturally produces alarm in official circles. The only thing to be done is to advance rapidly eastward in order to anticipate the overrunning of the Polish front by the Red armies, and to prevent such devastation and atrocities as occurred immediately after the armistice in 1918, throughout Podolia, Volhynia, and Eastern Galicia, when lawless bands of peasants spread anarchy and arson all through these regions. Such an advance, however, will inevitably result sooner or later in a

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conflict between the Polish troops and the Bolsheviki; for the latter obviously will not refrain from invading the Ukraine. Therefore, Poland finds itself suddenly face to face with the danger of a new war, or more properly of a great extension of its previous eastern front — for as everyone knows fighting still continues — and just now is assuming larger proportions in Lithuania and White Russia.

Western Europe, which has finally ratified the Versailles Peace Treaty and is settling down to enjoy the benefits of peace, seems unwilling to heed this new war peril in the East. Naturally such apathy in the general public is excusable, when one considers how carefully Bolshevist leaders spread contradictory and confusing reports abroad. Mr. Lenin has just assured the correspondent of an American newspaper that Russia is ready at any time to recognize the independence of the border governments, and to conclude peace with all the great Powers. And the very next day he told the correspondent of another paper that the great world revolution would break out at latest in the spring of 1920. Mr. Litvinov sings the praise of peace in Copenhagen at the very moment when the Russian Red forces have started an offensive in Lithuania, western Ruthenia, and along the Ukraine front. The leaders of the Soviet army do not disguise the fact that they propose a great offensive along the entire line as soon as spring opens.

Incidentally Mr. Lenin announces that Russia is deeply obligated to German specialists, and that it would have been impossible to instruct and discipline the Red army without the assistance of German officers. We do not know how much truth there is in this assertion, but its purpose is very clear: he is fishing for a German-Russian alliance, and at the same time instilling doubt into the minds of people who think Bolshevism may be overcome by force. He is assisted in this policy by the fact that the Entente is occupied with other things, and is rather confused by the complexity of the situation in this quarter, so it has not taken a definite stand toward the Russian problem. France, America, and Japan are evidently impressed with the great significance of the Bolshevist danger and are not inclined to negotiate with the Moscow government; but England, where people do not attach much importance to political dogmas, is affected by the belief prevalent in certain circles — such as the Labor Party and the Radical wing of the Liberals — that a friendly understanding may be reached with the Bolshevist leaders. This view is evidently based upon the assumption that sooner or later the Bolsheviki will be compelled by events in their own country to ally themselves with the more liberal bourgeois parties.

Here in Poland, where we have seen through the methods of the Bolsheviki for a considerable period, we are under no illusion as to precisely what the present rulers at Moscow are about. They are merely playing for time, and they have not the slightest idea of making any concessions such as the people in London fancy. If Poland felt assured that the Bolsheviki would give up their idea of world conquest, and were the Polish eastern boundary guaranteed against attack, our people would be quite indifferent to what occurred in Russia — except so far as it might excite their moral reprobation. Unfortunately, however, these conditions do not exist. Bolshevism is determined to conquer the world, and Poland's eastern boundary is not protected. That is sufficient reason to prepare for all eventualities. Nothing would be more mistaken and unjust

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than to reproach the government here with imperialist ambitions, because Poland is determined to protect its eastern front against attack and to prevent anarchy from spreading through the districts that intervene between its own territories and Russia proper. Poland is forced to act in this quarter for obvious reasons of self-defense. Poland cannot prevent a new and a general war from starting along that border — a war which may eventually imperil all Europe. The Entente and Soviet Russia will settle that. So far as Poland is concerned its duty is clear: it must protect itself. And it is of supreme importance that the nations beyond our western boundaries should wake up at once to the fact that Poland is protecting Europe in protecting its own existence.

[*Frankfurter Zeitung* (Radical Liberal Daily), January 25]

CONDITIONS IN THE ARGENTINE

BUENOS AIRES, December 17.

THE cost of living has risen, according to the best estimates, to 60 or 70 per cent above normal. In addition, a serious gap exists between the rise in the cost of living and the increase of wages and salaries. As a natural consequence, strikes and discontent are rife, and a general movement for higher wages is anticipated which is likely to assume a political character; for people are looking forward already to the March elections. One-half of the members of Parliament will be chosen at that date, plus 38 additional members called for by the new census. The radical parties have been torn by dissensions, but recently have reconciled their differences and are now expected to present a united front in the coming campaign. Unless they do so they are certain to be defeated. Their unquestioned leader, President Irigoyen, though inspired by the best intentions, has exposed himself to attack at many points, and this has imperiled the power of the present majority. Several recent provincial elections have turned out badly for the radicals.

The German steamers interned at this port are being loaded with provisions and sent to Germany for repairs. In addition, some bartering business between the two countries has begun. The last steamers to arrive have brought a number of German immigrants, whose journey was arranged by the *Deutscher Volksbund*. President Irigoyen informed your correspondent that he welcomed German emigration.

We are beginning to see German manufactures again and encouraging reports regarding the market for them reach us. Our industry and organizing ability stand in high regard. Nevertheless, the Germans are everywhere subject to calumniation, and few are frankly our friends.

The general business situation is excellent; but a stringency exists in the money market. The excess of exports has forced Europeans to sell back their Argentine securities. The low price of European money makes it a great temptation for the owners of Argentine property to realize upon it. This, naturally, is embarrassing the government in its effort to refund the floating debt, which now amounts to nearly 650,000,000 pesos in paper money.

Crops are good and grain prices are encouraging, except for Indian corn. There is little demand for wool and a declining demand for meat; so prices for these are falling. Good agricultural land is rising rapidly, but other real estate is quiet on account of the scarcity of money.

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[*The Tablet*]

SPIRITUALISM: A CATHOLIC VIEW

BY FATHER THURSTON, S. J.

It would be hard to find a more astounding illustration of the degree in which religious doubt and unrest have pervaded our national life than the journalistic sensation which has recently centred round the so-called spirit messages of the Rev. G. Vale Owen, vicar of Oxford, Lancashire. No doubt most of the trumpeting and disturbance is nothing but the claque organized to develop the circulation of a particular Sunday newspaper. But the very fact that the extremely shrewd directors of the Harmsworth Press should select this means of capturing the attention of the British public is alone full of deep significance. And when we find a religious journal like the *Guardian*, albeit with due apologies, hiring out a large tract of its advertising columns to help to boom this pestilent rubbish among Church of England readers, it is hardly too much to say that the episode constitutes another way-mark in the decline and fall of the Church by law established.

To begin with, the document thus sedulously placarded is not even new. No doubt it is literally true (*vide* advertisement) that 'The *Weekly Dispatch* is the only paper in which these spirit messages will be published.' But large extracts from the script will be found printed with due acknowledgment in a book, *The Undiscovered Country*, compiled by Mr. Harold Bayley, and prefaced by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, which appeared in 1918. It would be rash, no doubt, to say that all the passages which describe this 'Spiritual Universe of unimaginable immensity and grandeur, sphere upon sphere of the realms of light stretching away into infinity' (again *vide* advertisement), or that all 'the wonderful messages which portray the life beyond the grave with such intensity of vision that you may search the whole of modern literature in vain for any parallel,' have been incorporated in Mr. Bayley's little volume. But the book in question does make numerous and very considerable extracts, and they have been before the public for considerably more than twelve months without producing any noticeable convulsion in the literary world. One feels tempted to believe that those who have read them there will already have had enough of Mr. Owen's subconscious vaporings, and that even Sir Oliver (Lodge) would not be in the least inclined to ask for more.

Perhaps the most astonishing feature in the case is that Mr. Vale Owen and his backers, or exploiters, have apparently no conception that this sort of thing has ever been done before. But in point of fact the conditions of life beyond the grave have always been the favorite theme of all who made any pretensions to supernormal knowledge. Not to speak of Swedenborg, and still less of the long succession of Catholic mystics, most of the prominent clairvoyants, even before the coming of modern Spiritualism, such as, for example, Andrew Jackson Davis, or Dr. Haddock's servant 'Emma,' a Wor-

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cestershire girl who had never learned to read or write, were simply bubbling over with information about what happened to people when they woke up on the other side.

Naturally when automatic writing was introduced about the middle of the last century in the train of the spirit-rapping movement inaugurated by the Fox sisters, such communications from the world beyond multiplied a hundredfold. In a little bibliography of this kind of literature, which appeared in the *Spiritual Magazine* for 1867, I find an enumeration of some sixty-five printed works 'claiming to have been given by direct spiritual influence through human mediumship,' and this list was certainly not exhaustive. It does not, for example, include any of the more general treatises, such as those of Ballou, Edmonds, and Hare, which incorporate long spirit communications merely as a subordinate part of their contents. None the less, some of these last are among the best attested and most interesting we possess. Take, for example, the work of the Reverend Adin Ballou (1852), which was one of the very earliest and perhaps quite the sanest of the books written to expound the doctrine of communication with the spirit world.

Like Sir Oliver Lodge and like Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Mr. Ballou, a much respected Universalist minister in Massachusetts, had lost a beloved son, who died in the flower of his age (February 8, 1852). A lady who was, seemingly, not a paid medium but a friend of the family, a person, says Mr. Ballou, 'who, I firmly believe, is morally incapable of intending to deceive and who declares she is unconscious of originating the ideas or of any volition to express them in writing' was 'impressed to write these things out with her hand by an intelligence distinct from and superior to her own.' After some preliminary communications from the other side, questions were asked and replies given. On February 19 of that year we have such answers as the following:

Q. Do you seem to be at a considerable distance from the earth, and how does it appear to you?

A. At quite a distance; we see all the earths as well as the one you inhabit. They do not look as stars or planets do to you. They are indeed worlds like yours, and we see them as such.

Q. Have you anything analogous to sleep or refreshment in your state?

A. Our rest is change. Our food is spiritual. Knowledge is food. Spirits more enlightened might explain more than I am now able to do.

Q. Have you dwellings, etc.?

A. We are in open space; our dwelling is immensity.

Q. Concerning appearances in the spirit world?

A. Things analogous to *nature*, but not to art, we have.

This is very definite, but it is in flat contradiction with the account furnished from equally authentic sources to Mr. Vale Owen. In the latter's script we find a great deal of information about houses. For example:

Our home is beautifully appointed within and without. Within are baths and a music room and apparatus to aid in registering our work. It is a very large place.

I called it a house, but it is really a series of houses, each allotted to a certain class of work and progressive as a series. We pass from one to another as we learn all we can from any particular house. But it is all so wonderful that people would neither understand nor believe; so I will tell you of simpler things.

Or again:

Also, he would see all around him dwellings and buildings of various kinds, some of which I have described. But those buildings would not be merely houses and workplaces and colleges to him. From each structure he would read not its character so much as the character of those who built it and those who inhabit it.

Permanent they are, but not of the same dull permanency as those of earth. They can be developed and modified and adapted, in color, shape, and material, according as the need should require.

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No doubt Raymond also speaks of houses and streets, and some of the documents contained in the Edmonds and Dexter volumes are exceedingly precise in their details. Take this account of a lady's house in the spirit land:

It was in extent a suburban villa, with the character of a cottage *ornée*. It was of an oriental style of architecture, somewhat between Saracenic and florid Gothic. I was shown the interior. . . . The arrangement of the furniture was similar to that in first-class houses here. . . . My sister showed me her dresses. . . . I was then shown her husband's wardrobe. I found that it did not differ in any essential particular from the clothing worn by gentlemen here. I noticed one vest that pleased me. It was of velvet beautifully figured, black and purple.

If all this was an indication of the lady's character we can hardly think of her as belonging to a very exalted sphere.

Not less definite was the account which Dr. Robert Hare, Professor of Chemistry in the University of Pennsylvania, received from the spirit of his equally distinguished father. The script was obtained through an automatist, Mrs. Gourlay, but Dr. Hare, meticulous as regards the accuracy of such a priceless document, did not have it printed till he himself read it all to his father's spirit presence and had it confirmed by raps, paragraph by paragraph.

The spirit world [so Senator Hare averred] lies between sixty and one hundred and twenty miles from the terrestrial surface, the whole intermediate space, including that immediately over the earth, the habitation of mortals, is divided into seven concentric regions called spheres.

You will understand, thus, that they are not shapeless chimeras, or mere projections of the mind, but absolute entities, as much so, indeed, as the planets of the solar system or the globe on which you now reside. They have latitudes, longitudes, and atmospheres of peculiar vital air, whose soft and balmy undulating currents produce a most pleasurable and invigorating effect. Their surfaces are diversified with an immense variety of the most picturesque landscapes, with lofty mountain ranges, valleys, rivers, lakes, forests, and the internal correspondence of all the higher phenomena of earth. The trees and shrubbery, crowned with exquisitely beautiful foliage and flowers of every color and variety, send forth their graceful emanations.

There are pages and pages of this kind of description, very much akin to Mr. Owen's in the general effect of tedious platitude, but differing in all the more precise details. Dr. Hare had the advantage of obtaining communications from his father, sister, and two of his children. This spirit family do not seem to have worn waistcoats or 'double-breasters' of velvet. They were clothed 'in flowing vestments of effulgent nature.' This 'raiment, being composed of phosphorescent principles,' was seen by clairvoyants on earth 'in different degrees of brightness from a dusky hue to the most intensely brilliant light.'

Judge Edmonds, on the other hand, was not dependent on automatic writing alone. He had visions, in which he visited the spiritual abode of his deceased wife and went out for drives with her. He has printed a full account of the experience:

The carriage was light and tasty, with a high seat for the driver, and one seat behind for two persons. It was painted yellow, and on its panels was my seal! The harness was light and airy, and the horses were superb animals of the true Arabian breed, with long, sleek bodies, clean limbs, and a springing motion to every step. They were well groomed, high spirited, and well broke, and of different colors, being matched rather for quality than looks. . . . And now how can I describe the scene through which we passed? It seemed almost an earthly one, but more sublimated, more refined, more beautiful and joyous and so free. . . . It was a beautiful landscape, interspersed with cottages and gardens, etc.

One cannot help asking who lived in the 'cottages,' and who in the 'stately mansions' described further on, one of which was 'castellated and

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spacious, surrounded by a large park,' and so forth. However, lest the idea of proprietorship should jar upon American democrats, we are told:

I observed that though some of the grounds were fenced by rows of trees and bushes, there were always openings left for a free passage in all directions and through all parts.

A further remark is suggestive of some of the details furnished by Mr. Vale Owen:

As I was returning [Judge Edmonds continues] I observed that the houses on either side of me were enveloped in different colored lights — some red, some blue, some green, some orange, and the like, which, while it added immensely to the beauties of the scene, served to indicate the prevailing characteristics of the occupants.

Judge Edmonds, undoubtedly, believed that all these things represented realities and that they were shown him in vision for a definite purpose. In an earlier vision a newly-arrived inhabitant of heaven wanted to know why he (Edmonds) was not staying on with them. Thereupon the spirits explained 'That I was a mortal yet, and could not remain; that I came there to see that country that I might describe it to my fellow mortals, and had been drawn there by the strong affection of my wife and children.'

Here again is a quite exciting episode, which is much more lively than anything which Mr. Owen has so far supplied us with:

My attention was attracted to a noise in the woods, and I saw a stag, with large horns branching out, running toward me at full speed, closely pursued by a large greyhound. It was an exciting scene, and I asked myself, do they hunt here? But I soon saw that it was only sport between those animals. As they approached the bank of the stream, the stag stopped and turned round. The hound stopped also, and began to gambol around the stag, apparently enticing him to chase in turn.

But Mrs. Edmonds also communicated with her husband through other channels. On one occasion, when she was in the middle of a long message, she broke off rather abruptly, remarking: 'We go now to the Harmonical Foli. Good night.'

When the sittings were resumed Judge Edmonds wished, he explains, to learn more about the word 'Foli' used the other night, and inquired what language it was. Whereupon we read:

It was derived from a sound used by the Marsonians.

Marsonians? Pray, who and what are they?

Inhabitants of the planet Mars.

What does the word denote?

It implies something which cannot be expressed in your language. It is a meeting of worlds.

But the specimens I have given of descriptions of the spirit heaven will surely be sufficient. Three brief comments suggest themselves which may be stated as concisely as possible.

The first is the remark that there must surely be something unhealthy, something stupefying about the atmosphere of Spiritualism which allows men of integrity and really first-rate abilities to swallow all this twaddle and to treat it as a serious contribution to our knowledge of religious truth. Edmonds was a very eminent jurist, who had filled with credit the highest judicial position in the United States. His absolute honesty has never been questioned by anyone, and he made immense sacrifices to vindicate the sincerity of his belief in Spiritualism. So again, Professor Robert Hare was a chemist who bore a European reputation, and who had long outlived the enthusiasms of youth.

Secondly, I venture to affirm that the different accounts of life in the spirit world abound in contradictions of the most formal kind. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, when he appeared a few weeks back at Southport upon the same platform with Mr. Vale Owen to

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advocate the cause of Spiritualism, declared that 'one proof of the great truth of the messages from the land of spirits was that they invariably coincide, not in absolute detail, but there was no difference of opinion among them as to things matter-of-fact.' Even apart from the fundamental differences between English and the majority of Continental Spiritualists on the question of Reincarnation, the accounts which I have read seem to me to vary with almost every automatist. In some we have houses, in others not; in some we have food, in others knowledge; in some the children are educated only in the seventh sphere, in others they may be found even in the second.

Lastly, Mr. Owen and Sir A. C. Doyle seem to exclude altogether the hypothesis that at least nine tenths of the matter of spirit communications comes from the brain of the automatist himself or from that of those with whom he is intimately associated. When Professor Flammarion, the astronomer, began to practise automatic writing and found that his hand was continually writing out religious platitudes and astronomical speculations, signed 'Galileo,' he had the good sense to see that all this rubbish, as he himself called it, came from his own subliminal consciousness. It is a great pity that Mr. Vale Owen cannot be induced to look upon the matter in the same light.

[*The London Mercury*]

THE ROMANCE OF RHYME

BY G. K. CHESTERTON

THE poet in the comic opera, it will be remembered (I hope), claimed for his æsthetic authority that 'Hey diddle diddle will rank as an idyll, if I pronounce it chaste.' In face of a satire which still survives the fashion it satirized, it may require some moral courage seriously to pronounce it chaste, or to suggest that the nursery rhyme in question has really some of the qualities of an idyll. Of its chastity, in the vulgar sense, there need be little dispute, despite the scandal of the elopement of the dish with the spoon, which would seem as free from grossness as the loves of the triangles. And though the incident of the cow may have something of the moonstruck ecstasy of Endymion, that also has a silvery coldness about it worthy of the wilder aspects of Diana.

The truth more seriously tenable is that this nursery rhyme is a complete and compact model of the nursery short story. The cow jumping over the moon fulfills to perfection the two essentials of such a story for children. It makes an effect that is fantastic out of objects that are familiar; and it makes a picture that is at once incredible and unmistakable. But it is yet more tenable, and here more to the point, that this nursery rhyme is emphatically a rhyme. Both the lilt and the jingle are just right for their purpose, and are worth whole libraries

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of elaborate literary verse for children. And the best proof of its vitality is that the satirist himself has unconsciously echoed the jingle even in making the joke. The metre of that nineteenth-century satire is the metre of the nursery rhyme. 'Hey diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle' and 'Hey diddle diddle will rank as an idyll' are obviously both dancing to the same ancient tune; and that by no means the tune the old cow died of, but the more exhilarating air to which she jumped over the moon.

The whole history of the thing called rhyme can be found between those two things: the simple pleasure of rhyming 'diddle' to 'fiddle,' and the more sophisticated pleasure of rhyming 'diddle' to 'idyll.' Now the fatal mistake about poetry, and more than half of the fatal mistake about humanity, consists in forgetting that we should have the first kind of pleasure as well as the second. It might be said that we should have the first pleasure as the basis of the second; or yet more truly, the first pleasure inside the second. The fatal metaphor of progress, which means leaving things behind us, has utterly obscured the real idea of growth, which means leaving things inside us. The heart of the tree remains the same, however many rings are added to it; and a man cannot leave his heart behind by running hard with his legs. In the core of all culture are the things that may be said, in every sense, to be learned by heart. In the innermost part of all poetry is the nursery rhyme, the nonsense that is too happy even to care about being nonsensical. It may lead on to the more elaborate nonsense of the Gilbertian line, or even the far less poetic nonsense of some of the Browningesque rhymes. But the true enjoyment of poetry is always in having the simple pleasure as well as the subtle pleasure. Indeed it is on this primary point that so many of our artistic and other reforms seem to go wrong.

What is the matter with the modern world is that it is trying to get simplicity in everything except the soul. Where the soul really has simplicity it can be grateful for anything — even complexity. Many peasants have to be vegetarians, and their ordinary life is really a simple life. But the peasants do not despise a good dinner when they can get it; they wolf it down with enthusiasm, because they have not only the simple life but the simple spirit. And it is so with the modern modes of art which revert, very rightly, to what is 'primitive.' But their moral mistake is that they try to combine the ruggedness that should belong to simplicity with a superciliousness that should only belong to satiety.

The last Futurist draughtsmanship, for instance, evidently has the aim of drawing a tree as it might be drawn by a child of ten. I think the new artists would admit it; nor do I merely sneer at it. I am willing to admit, especially for the sake of argument, that there is a truth of philosophy and psychology in this attempt to attain the clarity even through the crudity of childhood. In this sense I can see what a man is driving at when he draws a tree merely as a stick with smaller sticks standing out of it. He may be trying to trace in black and white or gray a primeval and almost prenatal illumination; that it is very remarkable that a stick should exist, and still more remarkable that a stick should stick up or stick out. He may be similarly enchanted with his own stick of charcoal or gray chalk; he may be enraptured, as a child is, with the mere fact that it makes a mark on the paper — a highly poetic fact in itself.

But the child does not despise the

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real tree for being different from his drawing of the tree. He does not despise Uncle Humphrey because that talented amateur can really draw a tree. He does not think less of the real sticks because they are live sticks, and can grow and branch and curve in a way uncommon in walking-sticks. Because he has a single eye he can enjoy a double pleasure. This distinction, which seems strangely neglected, may be traced again in the drama and most other domains of art. Reformers insist that the audiences of simpler ages were content with bare boards or rudimentary scenery if they could hear Sophocles or Shakespeare talking a language of the gods. They were very properly content with plain boards. But they were not discontented with pageants. The people who appreciated Antony's oration as such would have appreciated Aladdin's palace as such. They did not think gilding and spangles substitutes for poetry and philosophy, because they are not. But they did think gilding and spangles great and admirable gifts of God, because they are.

But the application of this distinction here is to the case of rhyme in poetry. And the application of it is that we should never be ashamed of enjoying a thing as a rhyme as well as enjoying it as a poem. And I think the modern poets who try to escape from the rhyming pleasure, in pursuit of a freer poetical pleasure, are making the same fundamentally fallacious attempt to combine simplicity with superiority. Such a poet is like a child who could take no pleasure in a treë, because it looked like a tree, or a playgoer who could take no pleasure in the Forest of Arden because it looked like a forest. It is not impossible to find a sort of prig who professes that he could listen to literature in any scenery, but strongly objects to good scenery. And in poetical criticism and creation there has also appeared the prig who insists that any new poem must avoid the sort of melody that makes the beauty of any old song. Poets must put away childish things, including the child's pleasure in the mere sing-song of irrational rhyme. It may be hinted that when poets put away childish things they will put away poetry. But it may be well to say a word in further justification of rhyme as well as poetry, in the child as well as the poet.

Now, the neglect of this nursery instinct would be a blunder, even if it were merely an animal instinct or an automatic instinct. If a rhyme were to a man merely what a bark is to a dog, or a crow to a cock, it would be clear that such natural things cannot be merely neglected. It is clear that a canine epic, about Argus instead of Ulysses, would have a beat ultimately consisting of barks. It is clear that a long poem like *Chantecler*, written by a real cock, would be to the tune of Cock-a-doodle-doo. But in truth the nursery rhyme has a nobler origin; if it be ancestral it is not animal; its principle is a primary one, not only in the body but in the soul.

Milton prefaced *Paradise Lost* with a ponderous condemnation of rhyme. And perhaps the finest and even the most familiar line in the whole of *Paradise Lost* is really a glorification of rhyme. 'Seasons return, but not to me return,' is not only an echo that has all the ring of a rhyme in its form, but it happens to contain nearly all the philosophy of rhyme in its spirit. The wonderful word 'return' has, not only in its sound but in its sense, a hint of the whole secret of song. It is not merely that its very form is a fine example of a certain quality in English, somewhat similar to that which Mrs. Meynell admirably analyzed in a

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former issue of this magazine in the case of words like 'unforgiven.' It is that it describes poetry itself, not only in a mechanical but a moral sense.

Song is not only a recurrence, it is a return. It does not merely, like the child in the nursery, take pleasure in seeing the wheels go round. It also wishes to go back as well as round; to go back to the nursery where such pleasures are found. Or to vary the metaphor slightly, it does not merely rejoice in the rotation of a wheel on the road, as if it were a fixed wheel in the air. It is not only the wheel but the wagon that is returning. That laboring caravan is always traveling toward some camping ground that it has lost and cannot find again. No lover of poetry needs to be told that all poems are full of that noise of returning wheels; and none more than the poems of Milton himself. The whole truth is obvious, not merely in the poem, but even in the two words of the title. All poems might be bound in one book under the title of *Paradise Lost.* And the only object of writing *Paradise Lost* is to turn it, if only by a magic and momentary illusion, into *Paradise Regained.*

It is in this deeper significance of return that we must seek for the peculiar power in the recurrence we call rhyme. It would be easy enough to reply to Milton's strictures on rhyme in the spirit of a sensible if superficial liberality by saying that it takes all sorts to make a world, and especially the world of the poets. It is evident enough that Milton might have been right to dispense with rhyme without being right to despise it. It is obvious that the peculiar dignity of his religious epic would have been weakened if it had been a rhymed epic, beginning:

> Of man's first disobedience and the fruit
> Of that forbidden tree whose mortal root.

But it is equally obvious that Milton himself would not have tripped on the light fantastic toe with quite so much charm and cheerfulness in the lines:

> But come thou Goddess fair and free
> In heaven yclept Euphrosyne

if the goddess had been yclept something else, as for the sake of argument, Syrinx. Milton in his more reasonable moods would have allowed rhyme in theory a place in all poetry, as he allowed it in practice in his own poetry. But he would certainly have said at this time, and possibly at all times, that he allowed it an inferior place, or at least a secondary place. But is its place secondary; and is it in any sense inferior?

The romance of rhyme does not consist merely in the pleasure of a jingle, though this is a pleasure of which no man should be ashamed. Certainly most men take pleasure in it, whether or not they are ashamed of it. We see it in the older fashion of prolonging the chorus of a song with syllables like 'runty tunty' or 'tooral looral.' We see it in the similar but later fashion of discussing whether a truth is objective or subjective, or whether a reform is constructive or destructive, or whether an argument is deductive or inductive: all bearing witness to a very natural love for those nursery rhyme recurrences which make a sort of song without words, or at least without any kind of intellectual significance.

But something much deeper is involved in the love of rhyme as distinct from other poetic forms, something which is perhaps too deep and subtle to be described. The nearest approximation to the truth I can think of is something like this: that while all forms of genuine verse recur, there is in rhyme a sense of return to exactly the same place. All modes of song

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go forward and backward like the tides of a sea; but in the great sea of Homeric or Virgilian hexameters, the sea that carried the laboring ships of Ulysses and Æneas, the thunder of the breakers is rhythmic, but the margin of the foam is necessarily irregular and vague. In rhyme there is rather a sense of water poured safely into one familiar well, or (to use a nobler metaphor) of ale poured safely into one familiar flagon. The armies of Homer and Virgil advance and retreat over a vast country, and suggest vast and very profound sentiments about it, about whether it is their own country or only a strange country. But when the old nameless ballad boldly rhymes 'the bonny ivy tree' to 'my ain countree' the vision at once dwindles and sharpens to a very vivid image of a single soldier passing under the ivy that darkens his own door.

Rhythm deals with similarity, but rhyme with identity. Now in the one word identity are involved perhaps the deepest and certainly the dearest human things. He who is homesick does not desire houses or even homes. He who is lovesick does not want to see all the women with whom he might have fallen in love. Only he who is seasick, perhaps, may be said to have a cosmopolitan craving for all lands or any kind of land. And this is probably why seasickness, like cosmopolitanism, has never yet been a high inspiration to song. Songs, especially the most poignant of them, generally refer to some absolute, to some positive place or person for whom no similarity is a substitute. In such a case all approximation is merely asymptotic. The prodigal returns to his father's house and not the house next door, unless he is still an imperfectly sober prodigal; the lover desires his lady and not her twin sister, except in old complications of romance; and even the Spiritualist is generally looking for a ghost and not merely for ghosts.

I think the intolerable torture of Spiritualism must be a doubt about identity. Anyhow, it will generally be found that where this call for the identical has been uttered most ringingly and unmistakably in literature, it has been uttered in rhyme. Another purpose for which this pointed and definite form is very much fitted is the expression of dogma, as distinct from doubt or even opinion. This is why, with all allowance for a decline in the most classical effects of the classical tongue, the rhymed Latin of the mediæval hymns does express what it had to express in a very poignant poetical manner, as compared with the reverent agnosticism so nobly uttered in the rolling unrhymed metres of the ancients. For even if we regard the matter of the mediæval verses as a dream, it was at least a vivid dream, a dream full of faces, a dream of love and of lost things. And something of the same spirit runs in a vaguer way through proverbs and phrases that are not exactly religious, but rather in a rude sense philosophical, but which all move with the burden of returning; things to be felt only in familiar fragments . . . *on revient toujours* . . . it's the old story — it's love that makes the world go round; and all roads lead to Rome: we might almost say that all roads lead to Rhyme.

Milton's revolt against rhyme must be read in the light of history. Milton is the Renascence frozen into a Puritan form; the beginning of a period which was in a sense classic, but was in a still more definite sense aristocratic. There the Classicist was the artistic aristocrat because the Calvinist was the spiritual aristocrat. The seven-

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teenth century was intensely individualistic; it had both in the noble and the ignoble sense a respect for persons. It had no respect whatever for popular traditions; and it was in the midst of its purely logical and legal excitement that most of the popular traditions died. The Parliament appeared and the people disappeared. The arts were put under patrons, where they had once been under patron saints. The schools and colleges at once strengthened and narrowed the New Learning, making it something rather peculiar to one country and one class. A few men talked a great deal of good Latin, where all men had once talked a little bad Latin. But they talked even the good Latin so that no Latinist in the world could understand them. They confined all study of the classics to that of the most classical period, and grossly exaggerated the barbarity and barrenness of patriotic Greek or mediæval Latin.

It is as if a man said that because the English translation of the Bible is perhaps the best English in the world, therefore Addison and Pater and Newman are not worth reading. We can imagine what men in such a mood would have said of the rude rhymed hexameters of the monks; and it is not unnatural that they should have felt a reaction against rhyme itself. For the history of rhyme is the history of something else, very vast and sometimes invisible, certainly somewhat indefinable, against which they were in aristocratic rebellion.

That thing is difficult to define in impartial modern terms. It might well be called Romance, and that even in a more technical sense, since it corresponds to the rise of the Romance languages as distinct from the Roman language. It might more truly be called Religion, for historically it was the gradual reëmergence of Europe through the Dark Ages, because it still had one religion, though no longer one rule. It was, in short, the creation of Christendom. It may be called Legend, for it is true that the most overpowering presence in it is that of omnipresent and powerful popular legend; so that things that may never have happened, or, as some say, could never have happened, are, nevertheless, rooted in our racial memory like things that have happened to ourselves. The whole Arthurian Cycle, for instance, seems something more real than reality. If the faces in that darkness of the Dark Ages, Lancelot and Arthur and Merlin and Modred, are indeed faces in a dream, they are like faces in a real dream: a dream in a bed and not a dream in a book. Subconsciously at least, I should be much less surprised if Arthur were to come again than I should be if the Superman were to come at all.

Again, the thing might be called Gossip: a noble name, having in it the name of God and one of the most generous and genial of the relations of men. For I suppose there has seldom been a time when such a mass of culture and good traditions of craft and song has been handed down orally, by one universal buzz of conversation, through centuries of ignorance down to centuries of greater knowledge. Education must have been an eternal *viva voce* examination; but the men passed their examination. At least they went out in such rude sense masters of art as to create the Song of Roland and the round Roman arches that carry the weight of so many Gothic towers. Finally, of course, it can be called ignorance, barbarism, black superstition, a reaction toward obscurantism and old night; and such a view is eminently complete and satisfactory, only that it leaves behind it

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a sort of weak wonder as to why the very youngest poets do still go on writing poems about the sword of Arthur and the horn of Roland.

All this was but the beginning of a process which has two great points of interest. The first is the way in which the mediæval movement did rebuild the old Roman civilization; the other was the way in which it did not. A strange interest attaches to the things which had never existed in the pagan culture and did appear in the Christian culture. I think it is true of most of them that they had a quality that can very approximately be described as popular, or perhaps as vulgar, as indeed we still talk of the languages which at that time liberated themselves from Latin as the vulgar tongues. And to many Classicists these things would appear to be vulgar in a more vulgar sense. They were vulgar in the sense of being vivid almost to excess, of making a very direct and unsophisticated appeal to the emotions.

The first law of heraldry was to wear the heart upon the sleeve. Such mediævalism was the reverse of mere mysticism, in the sense of mere mystery; it might more truly be described as sensationalism. One of these things, for instance, was a hot and even an impatient love of color. It learned to paint before it could draw, and could afford the twopence colored long before it could manage the penny plain. It culminated at last, of course, in the energy and gayety of the Gothic; but even the richness of Gothic rested on a certain psychological simplicity. We can contrast it with the classic by noting its popular passion for telling a story in stone. We may admit that a Doric portico is a poem, but no one would describe it as an anecdote. The time was to come when much of the imagery of the cathedrals was to be lost; but it would have mattered the less that it was defaced by its enemies if it had not been already neglected by its friends.

It would have mattered less if the whole tide of taste among the rich had not turned against the old popular masterpieces. The Puritans defaced them, but the Cavaliers did not truly defend them. The Cavaliers also were aristocrats of the new classical culture, and used the word Gothic in the sense of barbaric. For the benefit of the Teutonists we may note in parenthesis that, if this phrase meant that Gothic was despised, it also meant that Goths were despised. But when the Cavaliers came back, after the Puritan interregnum, they restored not in the style of Pugin but in the style of Wren. The very thing we call the Restoration, which was the restoration of King Charles, was also the restoration of St. Paul's. And it was a very modern restoration.

So far we might say that simple people do not like simple things. This is certainly true if we compare the classic with these highly-colored things of mediævalism, or all the vivid visions which first began to glow in the night of the Dark Ages. Now, one of these things was the romantic expedient called rhyme. And even in this, if we compare the two, we shall see something of the same paradox by which the simple like complexities and the complex like simplicities. The ignorant liked rich carvings and melodious and often ingenious rhymes. The learned liked bare walls and blank verse. But in the case of rhyme it is peculiarly difficult to define the double and yet very definite truth. It is difficult to define the sense in which rhyme is artificial and the sense in which it is simple. In truth, it is simple because it is artificial. It is an artifice of the kind enjoyed by children

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and other poetic people; it is a toy. As a technical accomplishment it stands at the same distance from the popular experience as the old popular sports. Like swimming, like dancing, like drawing the bow, anybody can do it, but nobody can do it without taking the trouble to do it; and only a few can do it very well. In a hundred ways it was akin to that simple and even humble energy that made all the lost glory of the guilds. Thus their rhyme was useful as well as ornamental. It was not merely a melody but also a mnemonic; just as their towers were not merely trophies but beacons and belfries.

In another aspect rhyme is akin to rhetoric, but of a very positive and emphatic sort: the coincidence of sound giving the effect of saying, 'It is certainly so.' Shakespeare realized this when he rounded off a fierce or romantic scene with a rhymed couplet. I know that some critics do not like this, but I think there is a moment when a drama ought to become a melodrama. Then there is a much older effect of rhyme that can only be called mystical, which may seem the very opposite of the utilitarian, and almost equally remote from the rhetorical. Yet it shares with the former the tough texture of something not easily forgotten, and with the latter the touch of authority which is the aim of all oratory. The thing I mean may be found in the fact that so many of the old proverbial prophecies, from Merlin to Mother Shipton, were handed down in rhyme. It can be found in the very name of Thomas the Rhymer.

But the simplest way of putting this popular quality is in a single word: it is a song. Rhyme corresponds to a melody so simple that it goes straight like an arrow to the heart. It corresponds to a chorus so familiar and obvious that all men can join in it. I am not disturbed by the suggestion that such an arrow of song, when it hits the heart, may entirely miss the head. I am not concerned to deny that the chorus may sometimes be a drunken chorus, in which men have lost their heads to find their tongues. I am not defending but defining; I am trying to find words for a large but elusive distinction between certain things that are certainly poetry and certain other things which are also song. Of course it is only an accident that Horace opens his greatest series of odes by saying that he detests the profane populace and wishes to drive them from his temple of poetry. But it is the sort of accident that is almost an allegory. There is even a sense in which it has a practical side. When all is said, *could* a whole crowd of men sing the 'Descende Cœlo,' that noble ode, as a crowd can certainly sing the 'Dies Irae,' or for that matter 'Down among the Dead Men'? Did Horace himself sing the Horatian odes in the sense in which Shakespeare could sing, or could hardly help singing, the Shakespearean songs. I do not know, having no kind of scholarship on these points. But I do not feel that it could have been at all the same thing; and my only purpose is to attempt a rude description of that thing.

Rhyme is consonant to the particular kind of song that can be a popular song, whether pathetic or passionate or comic; and Milton is entitled to his true distinction; nobody is likely to sing *Paradise Lost* as if it were a song of that kind. I have tried to suggest my sympathy with rhyme, in terms true enough to be accepted by the other side as expressing their antipathy for it. I have admitted that rhyme is a toy and even a trick, of the sort that delights children. I have admitted that every rhyme is a nursery rhyme.

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What I will never admit is that anyone who is too big for the nursery is big enough for the Kingdom of God, though the God were only Apollo.

A good critic should be like God in the great saying of a Scottish mystic. George Macdonald said that God was easy to please and hard to satisfy. That paradox is the poise of all good artistic appreciation. Without the first part of the paradox appreciation perishes, because it loses the power to appreciate. Good criticism, I repeat, combines the subtle pleasure in a thing being done well with the simple pleasure in it being done at all. It combines the pleasure of the scientific engineer in seeing how the wheels work together to a logical end with the pleasure of the baby in seeing the wheels go round. It combines the pleasure of the artistic draughtsman in the fact that his lines of charcoal, light and apparently loose, fall exactly right and in a perfect relation with the pleasure of the child in the fact that the charcoal makes marks of any kind on the paper. And in the same fashion it combines the critic's pleasure in a poem with the child's pleasure in a rhyme.

The historical point about this kind of poetry, the rhymed romantic kind, is that it rose out of the Dark Ages with the whole of this huge popular power behind it, the human love of a song, a riddle, a proverb, a pun, or a nursery rhyme; the sing-song of innumerable children's games, the chorus of a thousand campfires and a thousand taverns. When poetry loses its link with all these people who are easily pleased it loses all its power of giving pleasure. When a poet looks down on a rhyme, it is, I will not say as if he looked down on a daisy (which might seem possible to the more literal-minded), but rather as if he looked down on a lark because he had been up in a balloon. It is cutting away the very roots of poetry; it is revolting against nature because it is natural, against sunshine because it is bright, or mountains because they are high, or moonrise because it is mysterious. The freezing process began after the Reformation with a fastidious search for finer yet freer forms; to-day it has ended in formlessness.

But the joke of it is that even when it is formless it is still fastidious. The new anarchic artists are not ready to accept everything. They are not ready to accept anything except anarchy. Unless it observes the very latest conventions of unconventionality, they would rule out anything classic as coldly as any classic ever ruled out anything romantic. But the classic was a form; and there was even a time when it was a new form. The men who invented Sapphics did invent a new metre; the introduction of Elizabethan blank verse was a real revolution in literary form. But *vers libre*, or nine tenths of it, is not a new metre any more than sleeping in a ditch is a new school of architecture. It is no more a revolution in literary form than eating meat raw is an innovation in cookery. It is not even original, because it is not creative; the artist does not invent anything, but only abolishes something. But the only point about it that is to my present purpose is expressed in the word 'pride.' It is not merely proud in the sense of being exultant, but proud in the sense of being disdainful. Such outlaws are more exclusive than aristocrats; and their anarchical arrogance goes far beyond the pride of Milton and the aristocrats of the New Learning. And this final refinement has completed the work which the saner aristocrats began, the work now most evident in the world: the separation of art from the people.

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The thing is not only admitted but admired. The old artist remained proud in spite of his unpopularity; the new one because of his unpopularity; perhaps it is his chief ground for pride.

Dwelling as I do in the Dark Ages, or at latest among the mediæval fairy tales, I am yet moved to remember something I once read in a modern fairy-tale. As it happens, I have already used the name of George Macdonald; and in the best of his books there is a description of how a young miner in the mountains could always drive away the subterranean goblins if he could remember and repeat any kind of rhyme. The impromptu rhymes were often doggerel, as was the dog-Latin of many monkish hexameters or the burden of many rude Border ballads. But I have a notion that they drove away the devils, blue devils of pessimism and black devils of pride. Anyhow Madame Montessori, who has apparently been deploring the educational effects of fairy tales, would probably see in me a pitiable example of such early perversion, for that image which was one of my first impressions seems likely enough to be one of my last; and when the noise of many new and original musical instruments, with strange shapes and still stranger noises, has passed away like a procession, I shall hear in the succeeding silence only a rustle and scramble among the rocks and a boy singing on the mountain.

[*Le Figaro*]

THE GRANDMOTHER: A MEMORY OF ROUMANIAN CHILDHOOD

BY BARBO DELAVRANCEA

I SEE her as it were in a dream. I see her just as she was — tall, thin, white-haired, brown-eyed, and firm of mouth.

When she opened the door, we ran to meet her. She pressed her closed hand against her heart and said to me.

'Guess.'

'Nuts?'

'No.'

'Raisins?'

'No.'

'Gingerbread?'

'No.'

And not until I guessed would she open her hand. She always had something for us. And she brushed aside my hair, and kissed me on the forehead. Then we went to the garden. There she attached her distaff to her belt, and drew forth a long fine thread.

I lay down, boyishly lazy, and rested my head in her lap. The distaff hummed in my ear, and I watched the blue sky through the leaves of a mulberry tree. And it seemed to me that a kind of blue rain was falling from the shining heavens.

'And now what do you want?' said grandmother. Her smile was very kind.

'Tell me ——'

Yet she could never finish her story. Her faint, sweet voice would seem to rock me in a cradle of sound, my eyelids would become heavy, and I was sure to fall asleep. Sometimes I would start, ask her a question, and fall to dozing again.

'Once upon a time there was a great Emperor ——'

'How great?'

'Very great. Ever so great. He loved the Empress, his wife, even as he loved his own eyes. But he had no children, and he grieved — he grieved very much because he had no children.'

'Grandmother, is it really so awful not to have any children?'

'Of course it is! A house without children is a deserted house.'

'But I have n't any children, grandmother, and *I* don't mind.'

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Grandmother let fall her distaff, and laughed. Then she picked me up and gave me a hug. Some leaves fell whirling from the tree. I followed them with my eyes and cried.

'Oh, don't stop, grandmother, don't stop!'

'Yes, the Emperor grieved because he had no children. One day there came to him a dwarf who was so small that his long white beard trailed on the ground; he was little, so little——'

'How little?'

'Perhaps like you.'

'Well, then, he was n't so awfully little.'

'And when he saw the Emperor he said to him, "In the royal garden are two apple trees which stand so close together that it is hard to tell the branches of one from the branches of the other, and when they bloom no one knows from which tree the flowers spring. These two apple trees bear leaves and flowers but no fruit. When these two trees bring forth fruit, a golden son shall be born to you."

'The dwarf went away, and the Emperor hurried to the garden to look for the apple trees. They had just blossomed, their leaves were strewn with the drifting flakes of the rosy petals, yet no sign of a single apple was to be found.'

'Why did n't they bear fruit, grandmother?'

'How should I know child? God alone knows.'

It was so comfortable in grandmother's lap. A little breeze shook the mulberry tree, and the great, white clouds went sailing by. I closed my eyes. And grandmother went on with her story, pulling the fine flax thread the while.

'And the Emperor took counsel as to how the apple trees could be made to bear fruit. Some advised him to water them, and he watered them unceasingly. Others advised that they be given more sun, so the Emperor had all the surrounding trees cut down. Yet the apple trees flowered every week without bringing forth fruit. One day an old woman, oh, very old, and with wrinkles like mine, a little old woman——'

'As little as the dwarf?'

'Yes.'

'But he was n't so little.'

'No, she was n't so little. And she said to the Emperor: "Your Majesty, the apple trees will not bear fruit until the pitcher of milk which belongs to the fairy of the valley has been poured over their roots. But woe betide the thief! The fairy sleeps beneath a magic tree, whose leaves cry out when the magic pitcher is in danger. Those whom the fairy catches she transforms into weeds or flowers and fixes them forever in her enchanted garden." But you are going to sleep, young man.'

'No! No! I remember. You were talking about the fairy of the valley.' And I was glad that grandmother had n't found me out!

My eyelids grew heavy again with sleep and contentment. I felt as light as a leaf floating gently away on a quiet stream and grandmother drew the thread from her distaff, which hummed in my ear like a bee, like a grasshopper, like faint thunder heard from another world far away in the sky.

'And the Emperor saddled his best horse.'

'The best?' I asked trying to keep awake.

'And rode away. And he rode until he reached a great gloomy wood. And he tied his horse to an oak and lay down to rest. Now the forest was an enchanted forest of speaking trees, within it were heard sighs and quiet murmurs. Soon the Emperor fell asleep.'

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When I would wake up, my grandmother would have drawn all her thread. And the story?

I never heard the rest of it, but I never cared. It was better to sleep in grandmother's enchanted lap.

[*The New Statesman*]

AN ESSAY ON CONTROVERSY

BY HILAIRE BELLOC

It is astonishing what a great part of energy goes in our civilized and lettered society to controversy.

This country is certainly as civilized as any in Europe and it is much more lettered than any other. That is, there are more people bothering about literature (as distinct from science, or politics, or the various things to which literature is applied) than you will find anywhere else. It has something to do, I think, with living in great towns and depending upon newspapers, but, anyhow, there it is, and one of its effects is a continued occupation in controversy. It always astonishes the foreign visitor, and I think it usually irritates the foreign resident. It is a habit despised, disliked, not attacked, but all this opposition to it is a foreign opposition at bottom. To the native controversy is food and drink, and no one would be without it.

Now there is much more in this habit of controversy than meets the eye. If you were to call it a passion for wrangling you would be exactly contradicting its nature. It is dearest to those who hate wrangling. It is carefully preserved from reality. It is a sort of game, and has in it much the same instinct as makes men play other games in a game-loving country. Its object is not conviction, but scoring under set conditions, and it is most interesting to watch how the rules grow up of themselves and how strict they become.

It would be the death of controversy to demand a real conquest. When people begin to get into that mood controversy ends and fighting begins. Nations who are intent on real results fall into civil wars. Nothing is more opposed to the spirit of controversy than this spirit of arms and a creed. Controversy is to the search after ultimate truth, or the desire for conviction, what fencing with foils is to slashing with cavalry swords, or what shooting for a challenge shield is to sniping from a tree at the other person in the mud.

Its weapon is advocacy. In pure, serene, absolute controversy the advocate will cheerfully take either side, but even in that less perfect controversy to which (alas!) our fallen nature condemns us, and in which there is some suspicion of real feeling, advocacy easily takes precedence over the statement of truth. And that is one of the delights of controversy, as no one knows better than they who have wasted and enjoyed their lives in this delicious pastime.

I always think that there is an ill done to controversy when the lists are unequally chosen. It demands for its proper exercise fairly equal chances for either side. For instance, one man gets up and says that England would be much better off if no foreign goods came into it, whereupon the other man, scenting a controversy from afar, says: 'What about tea?' There at once — at the very issue of the bout — you have a knockout, and that spoils sport. Or again, a man says: 'If you want to improve the communications of London you must have wider streets, and you cannot have wider streets without interfering with privileged pieces of property.' The moment you begin to talk like that controversy is abominably offended. You might as well play chess with a loaded revolver, or

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come to the football field with a posse of bravoes.

No, the essence of this admirable exercise is a sort of 'picking up sides' which balances the argument. You must give reasonable chances for advocacy to either party. Chalk the lists, face the champions square, and then let go.

I notice a very proper contempt for, and sometimes interference with, that party to a controversy which breaks even the less understood and more subtle rules: for instance, dropping the 'Mr.' in politics. You may say of a parliamentarian, 'Mr. Biggs was committing political murder when he poured his hidden poison into the sleeping ear of Mr. Higgs.' That is all right. The two 'Misters' prove that in your heart you care not a dump which gets the salary, contracts, and perks. But if you say 'Biggs won't take office under Higgs,' that is blackguardly: for it spoils sport.

It is thus a breach of the rules to impute what are called 'unworthy motives'; that is, serious motives. Both parties must, like the champions of the ring, shake hands, and there are a lot of little phrases (they are kept set up in most newspaper offices, and in some are stereotyped in ready-made bars) which come in most usefully for this purpose. Such are 'No one can dispute (Mr. Noggins's) scholarship or his quite peculiar knowledge of (Samian ware),' after which you go on to argue that in point of fact Noggins is as ignorant as the beasts that perish, and you support your contention with special pleading.

So deep-rooted is this love of controversy that one of its favorite playing fields is what one would imagine to be sacred ground, to wit, the security and happiness of one's own country. Jones has only to say that he wants his country to win in some war of life and death, for Brown, tempted by so admirable an occasion, to come up on the other side. But what does Brown do? Do you suppose he says, 'I want my country to perish'? Not a bit of it; that would not be controversy at all, and, what is more, it would be an impossible position for Brown to take up, considering that Brown, by the very fact that he is conducting such a controversy, is stamping his whole national characteristics all over himself. So what Brown does is to show how defeat would ultimately enhance the glory and increase the strength of the country. Both parties agree to this special limited area of operations, and within it they spar round and round and round. Meanwhile, the real war goes on, no harm is done at home, and the nation wins or loses without a link between that awful reality of war and the spillikin match at home.

It is very difficult to define where victory in this game of controversy lies. It depends to some extent, like victory in any other game, upon fatigue, or lack of attention. I had a controversy in the *Times Literary Supplement* many years ago about the Battle of Evesham with another person who apparently knew as little about it as I did. After the special pleading and nonsense had gone on through five or six moves I quoted Matthew Paris. My opponent (who wore a mask and a long cloak) came in with a heavy blow, showing that Matthew Paris was dead when the Battle of Evesham was fought. Now, the counterblow to this was as easy as falling off a log. Your spectator (for whom the battles are fought) would naturally say, 'This is final!' What he did not know was that there is a continuation of Matthew Paris, commonly called under the same name, which *does* deal with the Battle of Evesham. All I had to do was to write another letter (which I am sure

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the courteous editor would have printed, seeing that he got all this for nothing), pointing out with the utmost good feeling, tact, etc., that my opponent was swindling, and, by using a false technical term, deceiving the populace. 'Matthew Paris' (I should have said) 'is a conventional term for the original chronicle *and its continuation* as a whole, and it is '*a poor art in controversy*' (I love that phrase; it is one of the seasoned and rooted phrases) 'to confuse the general reader with false references.' Did I make such a reply? Did I write that letter to the *Times Literary Supplement?* Not I! I was smitten with an intense desire to go to Belgium (it was before the war) and study the battlefield of Ramillies, where is sold the worst liquor in the world; and off I went, leaving my opponent the proud and sole victor of that field. I wish to-day I knew who he was. To slay or to be slain by a hooded antagonist is poor fun: it ought to be part of the rules of the theatre for the man to pull off the hood at the end, either from his own glazing eyes or before those of his prostrate victim, whereupon the ladies would recognize to their amazement the features of Sir Guy de Beaurivage or Mr. Hulp, or whoever it might be, and the tourney would end with a feast to the hero after the sentimental burial of the dead.

Which reminds me of what a shame it is that so much controversy *should* be anonymous. It was never meant to be so. After all, controversy is conducted for the amusement of the onlookers as well as for, and more than for, the exercise and moral health of the principals, and there is not much fun in an anonymous combat where, for all you know, the opposing parties may really be one and the same person.

Many a case have I known in London journalism where, as a matter of fact, the opposing parties *were* one and the same person. There was a man who wrote years ago, during the Boer War, to a pro-Boer daily paper which he disliked, complaining of the way in which the teeth of animalculæ gnawed into the copper sheathing plates of ships in the South Seas, and ruined them. Then he wrote a letter from another place in another false name to the same paper, saying that the first letter was written by an ignoramus, and describing how the animalculæ should be dealt with. There was a tremendous fight lasting for weeks, and it ended, I remember, by a beautiful description of the great ships built at Solothurn in Switzerland and there launched upon the mighty deep. Even then the editor did not smell a rat. Why should he? Editors cannot always know everything. And he thought (did this editor) that Switzerland lay upon the sea. It was necessary, therefore, for the public to break the ring and burst up the show: which it did, amid great laughter.

I know another case where a man, being the literary editor of a great daily paper, reviewed one of his own books with the utmost virulence — but anonymously. He showed in this review a very profound knowledge of the tricks lying behind the production of the book and of the charlatanism of it. Then did he, in his own name, write a dignified reply, and there was quite a little commotion.

The reviewer wrote back adding further charges, which were demonstrably true. The author wrote once more saying his dignity forbade his continuing the quarrel and the next day both of them counted as one in a silly division at Westminster.

To this day I am never quite certain that the more violent leaders I read in opposing papers are not often written by the same man; at any rate, they are

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often written in exactly the same style, with the notable exception of one daily paper which, as the atheist said of his unbaptized child, 'shall be nameless.' All the others (except this notable *one*) have their leaders written in precisely the same manner. That is what makes me think that they are done for the most part by one man — and what an output he must have! And what a lot of money he must earn! — even at two guineas a thousand, the price of prose in this most happy year of peace which has seen the birth of a new Europe and the dawn of the Day of Justice final and secure.

[*To-day*]

PERNICIOUS LITERATURE

BY HOLBROOK JACKSON

PERIODICALLY we are treated to much noise in the papers on the subject of pernicious literature, but nobody seems to realize quite clearly what really constitutes pernicious literature. Some people think pernicious literature is that kind of writing which is subversive of orthodox morality, or orthodox religion, or orthodox social ideas; others think it is that sort of literature which, as the saying goes, cannot be put into the hands of a young girl, or the kind of books that are calculated to make the average office boy discontented with his lot and desirous of emulating the exploits of Deadwood Dick, Buffalo Bill, or Three-Fingered Jack. I, on the other hand, think pernicious literature is none of these things. On the contrary, I am disposed to believe that a good deal of the literature nowadays condemned as pernicious is the only sort of literature worth talking about.

Only those books which deliberately misrepresent actuality by, for instance, throwing a false glamour over actions in themselves sordid and destructive of character are pernicious; but it happens that such books are only very rarely condemned by the 'unco guid.' But there are books, a great many of which are approved as classics by all sorts of people, which are more definitely offensive than any of the so-called pernicious books of your professional moralist. I refer to those books which put forward merely a literary view of life — books written by people who have read a lot and been taught a lot, but who have experienced practically nothing.

One of the dangers of modern life is a growing habit of living by proxy or taking life at second hand; and the same applies to much of the writing of the present day: too many modern writers write from second-hand experience. They have lived solely, as Mr. Zangwill once put it, 'between inverted commas.' The average man of letters is more removed from actuality than the average clerk. He is as often as not a person in an office which he calls a study, with books round the wall and a brain full of the contents of those books or of some of them. He has read much and thought somewhat, and it may be, if he come from the working or lower middle classes, he has had some experience of actual affairs in a shop, or an office, or a factory, for in such places there is a great deal more chance of adventure of all kinds than many people imagine. But these experiences are too often discounted by him for snobbish reasons, and he tries his best to forget them, instead of wisely exploiting them after the manner of Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. Arnold Bennett.

He approaches literature, therefore, not as a man of experience or even as a man of observation, but as a man who is going to distill the experiences and observations of others into words

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and phrases which to the uninitiated resemble actual life. Thus we have the danger of which I speak; the danger of the 'literary' view of things. Such writers become, as all artists do, no matter how bad they are, teachers, but without anything to teach, inoculating the intelligences of their unfortunate readers with the germs of stupidity, and so lending a hand toward the development of obscurity of vision. I do not wish to under-estimate the literary view, but it stands to reason and to common sense — which is better than reason — that the man who comes to literature without having roughed it in the common services of life comes to it, except in those rare instances of genius, with an immature, warped, and wholly inadequate munitionment.

What we should demand from the writer is not a lively interest in the world and its ways inspired by nothing more than mental exercises at a desk, but a lively interest in the world and its ways which is the result of a lively association with that world and those ways. And I for one should not mind if his sentences sometimes lacked the polish demanded by the pedant. But the wise should be chary, for it is always better to experience for yourself than to read about the experiences of others. Habitual acceptance of thought at the hands of literature destroys real interest in life, especially if the thought is provided for you by the type of writer I have named.

We are all inclined to over-estimate the importance of the literary man, although much of the over-estimation is due to a healthy desire to give thanks for the many hours of delight it is in the power of a writer to give us. But there is no real reason why the views of a man who has the knack of writing should be any better than the views of the man who cannot write. The danger lies in the fact that the writer has the power of impressing his views upon others, and he is always in the position of special pleader for his craft. The very circumstances of artistic production in any of the arts (literature or another), are conducive to a narrow and specialized view of things. Exploitation of personality necessary to art breeds freakishness. That, probably, is why modern art is hated by the majority of people: it is out of key with the average life.

Artists, whether they be writers, painters, sculptors, actors, singers, or composers, inevitably become so overstrung and egoistic that some pathologists have come to the conclusion that genius is a form of insanity. I do not agree with the pathologists. Genius is only insane when it is overspecialized; and it is the height of stupidity to imagine, as so many do, that genius is confined to art. As much genius went to the construction of the Forth Bridge as to the construction of *Hamlet*, and there is probably also an equal amount of genius to the square inch in a modern Dreadnought as there is in the Parthenon frieze.

The best literature, except in very rare instances, is produced by men who have only devoted a part of their lives to writing. There are such men, even in our own day, and their works hold a very special place, and a very important place, in modern literature. One of the most hopeful signs in the literary world of to-day is the fact that we have such writers, and that their number is being continually augmented from the rising generation. The best of these men, significantly enough, are men of adventure, and my readers will gather somewhat of my meaning if I name four of them: R. B. Cunninghame Graham, Joseph Conrad, John Masefield, and W. H. Hudson. These four men are not merely writers; that they are writers of genius is a fortunate

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accident; in the first place they are men of the world, they have been in the ends of the earth, and had experience of live persons who know not the books nor the art of the cultured. If such men wrote of other than their own experiences it would be the same, you would realize that they were far removed in spirit and vision from the merely literary view of things. You feel while reading their books that you are for once in a way face to face with something as actual as your own life, but a great deal more vivid, and you go about your own business with a new vigor, with a feeling that you want more life rather than less life.

And that, after all, is the test of great art. Unless literature intensify and stimulate the soul of man; unless literature fill you with an irresistible hunger for being, urging you to live, to grow, to take risks, to achieve, time spent on it is time wasted. The only pernicious literature is that which makes you contented.

[*The London Quarterly*]

SOME LITERARY AND SPIRITUAL LEGACIES OF THE WAR

BY T. H. S. ESCOTT

'THE Policy of Beer and Bible' was the obsolete nineteenth-century reproach brought by political factions against each other. A recent reference to it in one of the discussions about brewing showed how completely meaningless it had become. The Book, happily, is as much in evidence as the beverage.

Of all diplomatic successes continued from the last into the present reign, none was so decisive or steadily maintained as that of Lord Bryce, a master in the science of international law as well as author of the two most famous prize compositions produced in his Oxford period; for he wrote not only the essay that soon grew into the universal handbook on the Holy Roman Empire, but a translation in Theocritean hexameters of Tennyson's *May Queen* that filled Tennyson himself with admiration.

The works, subsequently inspired by his embassy at Washington, reflect with the penetrating fidelity of unique experience the spiritual and the intellectual not less than the social and political life of the United States. On both sides of the Atlantic he noticed a declension of Bible knowledge in all classes of the community. His regret at this experience was shared by the most independently representative of American politicians and thinkers. Looking at it only from the educational side these were agreed that it would be a national loss if generations grew up knowing little or nothing of our Bible.

Since then at least one university in the world, that of Columbia, has told undergraduates that before matriculation they must show some acquaintance with ancient history in its primeval and most authentic source. The

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new and universal impetus to natural philosophy and material science in all their branches is steadily dislodging Greek and Latin from their traditional place in all Anglo-Saxon seats of learning, to say nothing of others. The Bible is the one Book whose store of morals, manners, imagery, and allusion can make it in any degree a substitute for the exiled classics. We shall all await with interest the result that may follow from the Yankee experiment of dealing with the Bible as an ethical and historical handbook in a purely secular educational system. The same notion commended itself to some of the mediæval Popes, who ceased, however, to see much educational value in the volume when its readers refused all sacerdotal aids to its study.

This self-sufficiency of the Scriptures and the implied right of private judgment was the ground of Calvin's quarrel with the contemporary successors of St. Peter, from Leo X, whose indulgences produced the Reformation (1513), to Pius IV (1565).

Where, these pontiffs indignantly asked, were the effects of the intellectual tonic and stimulant common men were already deriving from the writings that had defied so many priestly restraints to end? In the twentieth-century New World, as to a less degree in the old country, the number of church or chapel goers has fallen off since 1914. On the other hand the circulation of Bibles for home reading has increased in each separate communion by ten or fifteen per cent. 'Serious books' grow in demand with the general reader, though their special votaries of the student class have been absorbed in military service. Andrew Carnegie lived long enough for the gratifying intelligence from many representative librarians that of the books placed by him within their reach soldiers appreciated none more than those throwing any light on the problems of peaceful reconstruction. Five years before he had the satisfaction of seeing the complete failure of a suggestion to convert the literary treasure houses with which he had dotted the land to more or less military uses. The cry, 'Shut up the libraries,' had only been raised to awaken no approving echoes.

The question, 'What can I do to help?' asked by everyone everywhere during the late summer and autumn of 1914 soon received for answer the inspired words of the Hebrew prophet, 'In returning and in rest ye shall be saved, in quietness and confidence shall be your strength.' Those who had been disposed to look upon storehouses of printed matter as inopportune incumbrances in such a time completely changed their note. Whatever the sort of reading that might be done, sacred or secular, works on applied science, Greek or mediæval art, history or fiction, must, it was now found out, have a sedative, a disciplinary, or in some other way a wholesome effect.

To the great good of the community, as well as a decisive improvement in the national temper, the Carnegie 'Temples of Peace' remained inviolate. Not that, so far as could be judged from appearances, literature had become the handmaid of religion. The great events then in progress and the agony of suspense in which so many of us lived imparted no spiritual bias to the selection of the books taken out by householders and ratepayers in quantities quite unprecedented. Hence one of the chief superficial differences between the public mind during the twentieth-century war and the last great European struggle before that in which, sixty years earlier, England bore the leading part.

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The close of the Crimean War was marked by the disappearance from the brilliant and exclusive system then constituting 'society' of a remarkably shrewd, thoughtful, and clear-visioned lady, mother of Lord Clarendon, the Foreign Minister in 1853, who lost his office as a consequence of Mr. Roebuck's motion. This was Mrs. Villiers, who died on January 12, 1856; she had been brought up at the court of the third George. From that time till the second decade of the Victorian age there was no incident, social, religious, or political which she had not closely watched; she had noted in their social aspect each successive stage of the Oxford movement and of the Evangelical ascendancy promoted by Palmerston's Low-Church Bishops that followed. Of all the changes she had witnessed the most remarkable, she said, was that in Sabbath observance.

During the first quarter of the nineteenth century Queen Charlotte used to have her drawing rooms on Sunday after church. All who attended them had previously been to the Chapel Royal in full dress, that fresh from the service they might go on to the palace. 'Now,' she continued, 'we are Judaized, and the whole idea of the Sabbath is brought back from the Christian holy day to the Mosaic observance. The Sunday bands have been stopped in the park, a motion to open the museum and the picture galleries after morning service has been defeated in the House of Commons by 376 to 48.' In the ferment of thought, sentiment, and speculation caused by, or at least following, the war, Sunday observance has once more become a question of the hour.

The sobering effects of our costly effort to protect the Sultan and his realm from the aggressive ambition of the Russian Tsar Nicholas were universally visible during the second half of the nineteenth century. This was followed in 1860 by Queen Victoria's proclamation against immorality and vice; it included a reference to the Lord's Day which produced an impression scarcely less profound at home than abroad. The High Anglican revival of the ''thirties' brought about many improvements in the conduct of church service, but did not really touch the heart of the masses. Its origin, associations, and appeals were insufficiently Catholic, were indeed too exclusively the product of the Tory Oriel common room to do that. The spiritually-gifted R. Hurrell Froude, fellow and tutor of the college, had inherited, more even than his brother, the historian, the aristocratic prejudices of his father, the archdeacon; he had heard that a little Homeric quotation fell flat on, and was not even intelligible to, the recently reformed House of Commons. 'Fancy,' was his plaintive comment, 'gentlemen not knowing Greek!' The sabbatarian renascence, which came in almost with Queen Victoria in England, encouraged the Abbé Mullois to do what he could toward reproducing the movement in his native land. The enterprise had its headquarters in Paris at 33, Rue de Verneuil; its influence, however limited the results, survives to the present day.

The organization soon spread itself across the Atlantic, commanding a success in New York that would have been almost universal but for the noisy opposition of the German quarter. The chief argument against it was its disastrous influence on national industry and trade. 'Have the English no concern with arts and manufactures, are not their business transactions enormous, yet they do no work on the Lord's Day. Look at the banks of the Thames, its walls and dockyards extending miles in length, covered on weekdays with an industrial army.

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The Lord's Day arrives; all these workmen rest, not a blow of the axe is given. The productiveness of British labor is the greater because of the twelve hours' pause.' 'Plain Jock Campbell,' Lord Chancellor (1859), personally investigated the whole question during two vacations spent abroad; he brought home with him the conclusion that the 'Continental Sunday' was less a national institution than a product of Rome, whose Church in order to raise the importance of other festivals, lowered the Lord's Day to a mere Church ordinance, not specially binding on the individual conscience.

Had Lord Campbell's life been prolonged and his travels repeated during the next decade he would have seen in Rome as well as in Paris a practical reaction in favor of the 'English Sunday.' In both capitals he would have found all the best shops shut, the theatres, perhaps, still opened, but systematically shunned by playgoers of the better sort; these at any rate in the 'Metropolis on the Seine' had then got in the way of restricting their sabbatic amusements to an occasional look in at the Hippodrome, then the home of horsemanship in reality as well as in name. Dr. Hessey's *Bampton Lectures for 1860* remain the most abundant and authentic encyclopædia of everything that concerns the relations borne by the Hebrew seventh day to the Christian Dies Dominica. In that matter, however, no practical end can be gained by much addition to what the late Dr. R. W. Dale says on the subject in his book, *The Ten Commandments*.

Physical rest and nothing more, not a word about public or private worship, was the law of the Jewish Sabbath. The Christian Sunday not only celebrates the Resurrection, but secures an opportunity for religious thought, thanksgiving, and prayer. The penalty for breaking the Sabbath was death. The New Testament says not a word about any punishment for violating the sanctity of the first day of the week. The Lord's Day and the Sabbath so far resemble each other that they are religious festivals coming once a week, the more ancient at the end, the less ancient at the beginning. The one celebrates the Almighty's completed work of creation; the other commemorates the Resurrection of His Divine Son. The earlier of the two was proclaimed by God Himself, when the newly-made earth had become ready to receive man, the later began generally to be observed during the first or second century of our era, and by men of the same religious views was observed in very different ways.

The Sabbath was made for man, but in the twentieth century, as he had done four or five hundred years earlier, man, even when at his best, has kept and enjoins the keeping of the Sabbath according to the dictates of his conscience or the conditions of his ordinary life. Neither John Knox nor Calvin will be accused of laxity. But Knox chose the first day of the week for entertaining his friends at dinner, Calvin could scarcely find words strong enough to denounce the gross and carnal superstition of sabbatism. Luther preached to the same effect, and condemned whatever in Sabbath keeping might encroach on the Christian spirit of liberty. The state recognition of the first day of the week as dedicated to tranquillity and repose was the Emperor Constantine's edict in 321. Two hundred and seventeen years afterwards the Church Council of Orleans condemned the tendency to episcopal prohibitions about the Lord's Day observance as savoring of Judaism rather than Christianity. In 1548 our own Cranmer proved that he was as

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little sabbatarian as had been Luther himself.

Those now mentioned found the Christian sanction of the fourth commandment in an identity between the laws of God and the laws of nature; from that point of view man was a six-day clock needing to be wound up by refreshment and rest at the close of each weekly period. Consequently, the 'Tenth-day Sabbath' of the French Revolution failed sufficiently to reinvigorate him for his diurnal duties. That experiment has not been repeated, and the distinction between night and day is not more likely to be ignored in future than marking off the world's rest days from its work days. At the same time it is not less true that Sunday observance must be affected by the social and political conditions of a nation's life.

Alike in respect of these and of its higher associations Sunday as we know it now may be regarded as the expression of a natural law, but abstractions of the kind are less great and general than the facts of concrete life. Elasticity on the keeping of Sunday corresponds also to the conception of the Creator that has been brought out more clearly than any other by the experience of the war. Not a Being whose operations are performed with fixed mechanical precision; but rather a Spirit, all-pervading, infinite, not rigidly immobile but continually responsive to the changing needs and circumstances of those who believe and obey Him. That is the one hypothesis on which prayer is reasonable, or on which we may all cordially agree with the Bishop of Durham as well as with other of the *Spectator's* recent correspondents, and attribute to a superhuman agency the German retreat from Mons, and the many other incidents that rolled back the tide of war not only from Paris but from London.

The Duke of Wellington had more than one narrow escape of being made a prisoner of war at Waterloo. 'If,' he said, about these experiences, 'the finger of God was ever upon any man it was upon me that day.'

It is something to have lived to see the day when the popular mind spontaneously recognizes a providential control actively exercised at the turning points of the colossal conflict. In this way the least reflecting have attuned their thoughts to the simple truths of Divine reality revealed to human experience. No one at least can doubt the existence among the most secularly preoccupied of a disposition to consider whether these things are so, and in any case not to ignore the extent or reality of the links connecting the visible and material with the not less real, if the impalpable and unseen.

Any religious revival bequeathed by the war can only come in the fullness of time, which is not yet. The work of spiritual preparation has begun; one by one, always very gradually, its results may be expected to show themselves. So, too, in other departments of thought and expression. The English, it is said, can only think of one thing at a time. Equally incapable are they of assimilating at the same moment more than one philosophy. Preoccupation with Pragmatism leaves neither space nor time for digesting other schemes of thought explained in the innumerable surveys of our intellectual position, not by writers of Oxford or Cambridge fame but by earnest thinkers as well as undoubted searchers after truth, for the most part engaged in tuition at some of the new local universities, now surely effecting nothing less than a silent revolution in the mental and spiritual life of our entire middle class.

As regards general reading there is

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little ground for complaint in the conditions and tendencies left and promoted by the war. The novel is still much the favorite, even in the proportion of five to one. That was the last discovery made from much investigation among librarians by Andrew Carnegie. Being of an optimistic turn, he had the satisfaction of knowing that the masters of Victorian fiction still furnished models for the craft. Generally, however, the evidence given by the innumerable varieties of romance and romancelet now published seems to show that the twentieth-century novel in relation to the deeper issues of the time and to the great novelists of our past is not yet finally fixed. It is much the same with the literature of the stage, French not less than Anglo-Saxon. The steadily increasing interest in the theatre is thought by some to come from the fact that authors write and actors play down to the level not of the best part of their audience. But the thousands filling every available inch before the footlights see in these temples of the drama an unfailing storehouse of pictures of, and comments on, contemporary life, character, incidents, and situations. The aggregate of these, amusing, instructive, or both together, may be apt to strike the cultivated critic as shapeless and ill-knit. It is, however, no small thing that the war has created for us, whether in the drama or literature, a quickening abundance of ideas, for the most part highly ingenious and often comparatively new. In due course, one may be sure, peace will find for these the form that they may lack.

It used to be a complaint of the first Georgian era that the periodical press had usurped the place of books in moulding literary style. The fourth Lord Orford, when still Horace Walpole, did not consider this, as might have been expected from his accomplishments and tastes, to be an unmixed evil. To those consulting him, as an authority on the subject, he would say, 'Style is it that you want? Oh! go and look into the newspapers for style.' Others, equally confident to speak, dwelt on the evil impressed by journalism on style. 'A dire monotony, they said, of bookish idiom, has encrusted and stiffened all native freedom of expression, introducing a worse evil in the structure of vast sentences involving clause within clause and so *ad infinitum*.' Criticism of this sort has long since become not only obsolete but unintelligible. In fact, the tendency deplored by Walpole could not to-day have a better corrective than the terse, clear, well-balanced diction, characteristic, indeed, of writers trained in the school of Delane, when at their best, but more universally practised and even perfected by the penny newspapers of the Victorian age. The *Daily News* has reduced its price, the *Standard* is dead; there still flourish, however, two journals created by the cleverest men of their generation and inheriting the very best traditions of the periodical press. These are the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Morning Post*.

A famous honor coach for the old Oxford Law and Modern History school used to tell his most promising pupils, 'Write your answers just as if you were trying to write a *Times* leader.' The broadsheets just mentioned will supply aspirants with the best models for imitation to be found in the whole world of printed matter. The study of these will also leave them little to learn from any new journalistic 'school' that may be set up.

The assailants of compulsory Greek at 'Responsions' may plume themselves on their sympathy with the modern spirit. Any literary influence exercised by them may not prove to be

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on the side they would wish. Whatever the after-life is to be, the language of Demosthenes and the Attic dramatists will be the best preparation for it. This if for no other reason than that it is incomparably the hardest and most intellectually bracing portion of classical study. Latin prose, even unseen Latin translation, is more or less of a trick, to be mastered by anyone who gives it the necessary time and trouble. Unseen Greek, prose, or verse translation implies genuine intellectual power. So perhaps in a less degree does Greek prose composition. Anything, therefore, that may go in the direction of discouraging these branches of study is, not so much on grounds of scholarship as for reasons concerned with the discipline of mind, to be deplored. It is, too, always to be remembered that in the structure of its sentences Greek has much more in common with English than Latin. The long sentence with its dependent clauses, winding up with the verb, was imitated by our early seventeenth-century writers from Latin. To that we have bidden farewell. The classic original of the independent, short sentences of modern English is purely Greek.

On the other hand, experts of such classical eminence and so intimately in touch with the best exemplars of all periods, as Professor Gilbert Murray, may say, perhaps with perfect truth, that the Greek grammar paper of Littlego takes the youth who crams for it no appreciable distance on the road to the study of Greek as an instrument of culture. Still, the drudgery of accidence and syntax must be gone through before the oracles of the language can be approached. At the university, of course, no discouragement to real Greek study can possibly result.

At secondary schools throughout the country it may be otherwise, and Greek, now neglected really for its difficulty, may take its place in the eyes of the rising generation with black letter and other mysterious lumber that has passed into the portion of outworn weeds and faces. The zeal for science may or may not be the cause of this. In other respects the effect of the war upon Oxford and Cambridge has been good. The undergraduate to-day is encouraged before he comes up to form some idea of what he would like to be, and not to expect the place to insure him a congenial career without too much exertion on his part. Again, the success of Oxford and Cambridge men achieved in various capacities during the struggle will extend and deepen the appreciation of the training that the universities provide.

Finally, the Workers' Educational Association, presided over by Canon William Temple, has introduced very many workingmen to university teachers, has diffused among them a good opinion of each other and a desire to improve their mutual acquaintance. Communications like these are exercising, as the librarians have already found out, just the influence one would wish on the choice of books not only for systematic study but for intervals of relaxation.

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THE ARTS AND LETTERS

WAR AND THE ARTIST

THE news that the three war plays which have just been produced in Paris are all intensely pacifist in tone once more brings to mind the question of the attitude of the artist to war. What happens to the artist intelligence suddenly dropped into a trench and put to killing? Some idea of the reaction may be found in the letters of that odd soul, Frederic Keeling; Siegfried Sassoon has put into noble verse his pity and his scorn; and Stephen Graham in the best book of all, *A Private in the Guards*, has given us war with all its cruelty, horror, and corruption. To the present writer, in the thick of it since 1915, both on land and on sea, the war had a sinister element of pure devilry. Flame-throwing, for example. It was impossible to avoid the impression that humanity had been overridden by its machines. The vast, desolate plain, the uncultivated and weedy fields, the endless, marrow-freezing rain, the slimy roadway, wretched human beings, a juggernaut of a cannon exuding rain at every pore, convoys of shells, field artillery, more shells, more troops — what an epic of ferocity, futility, and pain! And because war has become so machinal, there is a particular interest in the attitude of the French *jeunesse intellectuelle*. For, after all is said and done, France is the classic land of arms — Frenchmen of all times have been ready to die for *la gloire;* one could write a thesis on the use of this word in French literature. Then, too, more than any other nation, France elevated war into an *art*. In her seventeenth century, she made war and its vocabulary definitely her own; her *guerre en dentelles*, as George d'Esparbes has called it, became a kind of fashion everywhere. Even to this day, the fundamental part of a soldier's vocabulary is of French origin. Indeed, it may be said that France advanced to victory because she never forgot that war was an art, and that Germany lost because she had attempted to make war a science, which it most emphatically is not. When it came to a contest of tactics, from the Grand Couronné to the second Marne, the Germans were beaten every time. But this is rather a digression. The point is — what do young Frenchmen, inheritors of the Napoleonic tradition, of the cult of *la gloire*, and all the rest of it make of the recent violence? What are the social, literary, and artistic tendencies shown by those *sortis de la fournaise?*

The three plays are Georges Bourdon's *Les Chaines*, Henri Batailles's *L'Animateur*, and Charles Méré's *Captive*. The first performance of *Les Chaines* almost caused a riot and the effect of the fracas has hardly yet died away. The action of the play is laid at Étretat in August, 1917, and concerns a certain Lieutenant Robert Piérard, '*intellectuel et sociologue*,' an ardent internationalist who has, however, bravely fulfilled his military duty. Wounded at the first battle of the Marne, he is taken prisoner by the Germans, and three years pass before he is able to inform his family of his safety. Because of a mistake in identity, however, Piérard's family believe that he played the conscientous objector and gave himself up to the enemy in a cowardly manner. The great scene of the play deals with his return to the woman he loves, Lydia, an exiled Russian revolutionist and intellectual. In the scene, the man's attitude to the war, now that of an honorable soldier, meets and struggles with the unchanging attitude of the woman. The LIVING AGE will soon print from this scene.

L'Animateur is a stirring play. The protagonist is named Dartès; he is the literary editor of a great conservative daily. A change comes over him; he feels the necessity of self-expression, of playing a part in the world, and manages to thrust into the newspaper a burning confession

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of faith in socialistic doctrine and an attack on Gilbert, the noisy and venomous defender of royalism. A tremendous scandal results. The directors of the daily meet and demand the resignation of the offending editor. Dartès's wife, who has never loved him, leaves him, but his daughter, Renée, sustains and defends him. But soon the odious royalist throws his vitriol — Dartès has been deceived by his wife; Renée is not his daughter. The unhappy man sinks under the blow, but the spirited and generous girl rallies from it, and goes forth to share her foster father's struggle.

In the second act, we find them poor, united, and at peace. Dartès has become the spiritual chief of his party. The extremists beg him to take over the direction of their journal *La Lumière*. But though Dartès is happy at the offer, he hesitates to accept it. He fears that he has not been able completely to break with his bourgeois past. And he wishes to spare Renée, for she wishes to see him guide the fray from above. The mother comes. Jealous of their little happiness, she hates them both. She tries to break down her daughter's self-respect with a recital of her adultery. At first the girl falters, but strength underlies her character, and she overcomes in the spiritual conflict. But because her mother has made it only too hideously clear that she, Renée, is an outcast, one of the world's disinherited, the girl will henceforth plunge into the struggle, and follow her foster father into the thick of the battle.

A melodramatic last act completes the dramatic and sombre story. Gilbert, furnished with documents by Mme. Dartès, is about to publish a book in which the private life of Dartès is exposed and mercilessly held up to ridicule. Renée goes to Gilbert and tells him that if the book appears she will commit suicide. Dartès hurries to find his daughter, and is shot in Gilbert's office by a fanatic. The curtain descends as he dies in his daughter's arms.

L'Animateur is the most talked-of play of the day.

The third play is Charles Méré's *Captive*. The author has been criticized for basing his piece on a situation characterized as 'too special.' A woman has been twice married, to men of different nationalities; war breaks out between those two nations, and inevitably the sons of the two marriages must be either renegades or enemies. In the end, one a cripple and the other blind, they meet on neutral ground, and, in a scene of masterly handling and irresistible beauty, discover that, in spite of all, they are friends, brothers, comrades, for this reason, that when each was wounded he called upon his mother, 'and she was the same woman.'

FROM Paris again comes this notice of a new Stravinsky ballet.

Le Chant du Rossignol — music by Igor Stravinsky, choreography by Léonide Massine, curtain, scenery, and costumes by Henri Matisse — was produced recently at the Paris Opera in the presence of a crowded audience. The subject of the ballet, the Andersen story of the Emperor of China and his nightingales, is the same as that of the opera *Le Rossignol*, first introduced to London at Drury Lane in 1914, but the music is entirely new, and represents the composer's latest phase. The familiar Stravinsky orchestral texture is noticeable, but the music is perhaps less 'dynamic' and more harmonic (though not 'harmonious') than was the case in *Le Rossignol* and other later works. Stravinsky is a master of condensation and economy, and can express as much in a few bars of intermingled flutes and violins, discordant but suggestive, with a leaven of harp-tones and percussion, as many other composers would be able to say in a symphony.

Mme. Karsavina, all in white, with a little feathered doublet, and long veils, attached, wing-like, to her shoulders and fastened to her ankles, was the real nightingale who chases triumphantly from the Emperor's sickbed the sinister red figure of Death (Sokolowa). Of the wonderful mechanical nightingale (Idzikowski), with its great crest, green body, and white beak, one can only say it must be seen to be believed. The Emperor (Grigorieff) was splendidly immobile until the dramatic moment when he rises from his high, lonely, black-coverleted bed to his full height, unfurling in the action a gorgeous gold and scarlet robe, which clothes him from head

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to foot and falls in a cataract of color in a long train spread out in front. As he stands majestic in this scarlet robe, miraculously restored to life, the disconcerted mandarins pile themselves into contortioned but decorative groups, and the curtain falls. The choreography reveals a fresh effort to discover new possibilities in the treatment of human motion, and the mandarins and ladies of the Court go through some altogether surprising evolutions. M. Matisse's curtain and *décor* (pale blue ground, marked here and there with white to suggest a door, etc., and a white fantastic dragon overhead) represent the extreme of simplification. Messieurs Stravinsky, Massine, Matisse, and Ansermet (the Genevese conductor who had directed the orchestra) all appeared before the curtain to acknowledge the applause.

Mr. Robert Courtneidge is to produce Mr. Rudyard Kipling's short play, *The Harbor Watch*, at the Coliseum. *The Harbor Watch* was originally played at the Royalty as a curtain-raiser in 1913, when Mr. George Tully made one of his first successes in the part of the drunken, but genial, marine. At the Coliseum Mr. Tully will resume his original part, as will Miss Marjorie Day as the heroine, and the cast will also include Mr. Thomas Woguelin and Mr. Clive Woods.

At the annual conference of Educational Associations at University College the British Drama League discussed 'National Education in and through the Drama.' The conference is thus reported in the *Times* :

Sir Sidney Lee, who presided, said that the drama as an art could scarcely be said to hold at the moment any assured place in the educational curriculum of the country. Though Shakespeare was studied in schools, his work was often treated as material for paraphrasing. One aim of the League was to substitute for the construing of the drama the acting of the drama. The rendering of drama was finding a place among the educational requirements of lower forms, but the League was unlikely to accept the suggestion that it should be confined to babes and sucklings.

The justice of the plea that the drama deserved well of those who framed educational policies ought not to need arguing among intelligent and patriotic Englishmen and Englishwomen. The great drama written to be acted was the most distinctive note of English literature. Neglect of the drama was, to his thinking, filial impiety. It was important to bring these truths home to the younger generation and to bring the proper interpretation of the drama into the curriculum, or into close association with the curriculum of schools and colleges. In Shakespeare's era the universities and schools admitted the dramatic rendering of drama into the regular courses of instruction. Queen Elizabeth showed the most practical sympathy with her people's dramatic aspirations, and many times attended the Westminster play and summoned schoolboy actors to perform before the Court. The only school at which the sixteenth century practice had been continuous was Westminster.

In the Elizabethan heyday of the national drama Oxford and Cambridge were most active dramatic workshops. At Trinity College, Cambridge, it was ordained on pain of a fine that there should be produced every Christmas five comedies or tragedies. At Queens' College every student who refused to act or to go to see others act was, according to the statutes, to be summarily expelled. It was reckoned a necessary qualification of college tutors to be able to instruct the youth under their charge, not merely in dramatic elocution and gesticulation; but in scenic elaboration. The scenic embellishments at the universities reached an artistic standard which the theatrical profession in public theatres had never approached. When Queen Elizabeth visited Oxford or Cambridge the authorities welcomed her, among other ways, with the playing of comedies and tragedies always acted and often specially written by members of the university. He believed the British Drama League would be doing a patriotic service if, in agreement with a very ancient but neglected tradition, it succeeded in once again linking up play-acting with the national system of education at our schools and colleges.

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[*The London Mercury*]

SCIROCCO

BY FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG

Out of that high pavilion
Where the sick, wind-harassed sun
In the whiteness of the day
Ghostly shone and stole away —
Parchèd with the utter thirst
Of unnumbered Libyan sands,
Thou, cloud-gathering spirit, burst
Out of arid Africa
To the tideless sea, and smote
On our pale, moon-coolèd lands
The hot breath of a lion's throat.

And that furnace-heated breath
Blew into my placid dreams
The heart of fire from whence it came:
Haunt of beauty and of death
Where the forest breaks in flame
Of flaunting blossom, where the flood
Of life pulses hot and stark,
Where a wing'd death breeds in mud
And tumult of tree-shadowed streams —
Black waters, desolately hurled
Through the uttermost, lost, dark,
Secret places of the world.

There, O swift and terrible
Being, wast thou born; and thence,
Like a demon loosed from hell,
Stripped with rending wings the dense
Echoing forests, till their bowed
Plumes of trees like tattered cloud
Were toss'd and torn, and cried aloud
As the wood were rack'd with pain:
Thence thou freed'st thy wings, and soon
From the moaning, stricken plain
In whorlèd eagle-soarings rose
To melt the sun-defeating snows
Of the Mountains of the Moon,
To dull their glaciers with fierce breath,
To slip the avalanches' rein,
To set the laughing torrents free
On the tented desert beneath,
Where men of thirst must wither and die
While the vultures stare in the sun's eye;
Where slowly sifting sands are strown
On broken cities, whose bleaching bones
Whiten in moonlight stone on stone.

Over their pitiful dust thy blast
Passed in columns of whirling sand,
Leapt the desert and swept the strand
Of the cool and quiet sea,
Gathering mighty shapes and proud
Phantoms of monstrous, wave-born cloud,
And northward drove this panoply
Till the sky seemed charging on the land.

Yet, in that plumèd hèlm, the most
Of thy hot power was cooled or lost,
So that it came to me at length,
Faint and tepid and shorn of strength,
To shiver an olive-grove that heaves
A myriad moonlight-colored leaves,
And in the stone-pine's dome set free
A murmur of the middle sea:
A puff of warm air in the night
So spent by its impetuous flight
It scarce invades my pillar'd closes,—
To waft their fragrance from the sweet
Buds of my lemon-colored roses
Or strew blown petals at my feet:
To kiss my cheek with a warm sigh
And in the tired darkness die.

[*The Athenæum*]

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Their youth is close upon your own;
And in your grave young days
You must be vigilant, and provide,
From your slight vantage praise and chide,
And guard them in their ways.

But secretly when your children sleep
You have another tryst to keep,
You are yourself a child.
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And fatherhood from your young eyes,
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